TO HER

GRACE *the* DUTCHESS

OF

MARLBOROUGH.

MADAM,

THE following Play ſeems naturally to claim the Patronage of a Lady, for which Reaſon no true *Engliſhman* will wonder that the firſt Perſon who occurred to my Thoughts on this occaſion ſhould be the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*.

Not

The Dedication.

Not all the Security we enjoy by our ſafe and honourable Peace, can make us unmindful of the Gratitude we owe to your Name. All the Bleſſings which have been procured for us by our late Treaties, are not greater, than what might have been expected from the long Courſe of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Victories.

If we are at leiſure to cultivate the Politer Arts, if our Trade flouriſhes, if our Credit riſes both at Home and Abroad, if we have obtained a general Peace for our Allies, if the *Catalans* are obliged to us for our Protection, the *Germans* for our Faith, and the *French* for our Generoſity; who could have promiſed to themſelves leſs Honours and Advantages for their Country, from the many Glorious Campaigns and uninterrupted Succeſſes of our late Great General.

It has been often obſerved, that when the *French* have been worſted in the Field they have ſaved themſelves by Treaties; but ſuch are the conſummate Abilities of our preſent Miniſters, that the World is as much aſtoniſh'd at their Negotiations,

a

as it was before at the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Conqueſts.

There are indeed too many among us, who are apt to be affrighted at every thing that ſeems to threaten our Religion and Liberties; but why ſhould private Men believe themſelves in any Danger from the *Pretender*, when the Government is not apprehenſive of it? But this is certain, we have leſs Reaſon to be ſo, while He is ſtill living who has ſo often defeated the Ambition of *France*, and broken its beſt concerted Meaſures.

Among the many eminent Virtues which I might here take occaſion of celebrating in your Grace, I ſhall only ſingle out that which I believe your Grace will be moſt delighted to hear mentioned, I mean that truly conjugal Friendſhip and Affection with which you accompany this Great Man in His Abſence from His native Country, and ſhare with him in all the Cares and Inquietudes his Extraordinary Merit has brought upon him.

That

The Dedication.

That You may have many Years in reſerve for your own mutual Happineſs as well as for your Country's Good, is the hearty Deſire of every honeſt Man, and particularly of, Madam,

Your GRACE's

Moſt Obedient and

Moſt Humble Servant,

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following TRAGEDY was *Originally* Written in *French* by the celebrated Monſieur RACINE, whoſe *Maſter-Piece* it is juſtly accounted; and having been tranſlated into *Engliſh*, with conſiderable *Additions*, by Mr. BOYER, and paſs'd the *Correction* and *Approbation* of the late famous Mr. DRYDEN, and ſeveral other Perſons diſtinguiſh'd as well by their *Wit* and *Learning*, as by their *Taſte* and Diſcernment, was acted with *general Applauſe*, towards the End of the Year 1699, and Beginning of 1700. The Reaſons why this *Excellent* PLAY ſtopt, on a ſudden, in a full Career, are, in ſome Meaſure, accounted for in Mr. BOYER's *Preface*: To which he might

have added, That the Dutcheſs of MARLBOROUGH, who at that Time bore an irreſiſtible Sway, beſpoke the *Comedy* then in *Vogue*, during the Run of *Iphigenia* in *Aulis*; And that this *Tragedy* receiv'd no ſmall Prejudice, from the Perſon that acted *Eriphile*, who ſunk under the Weight of ſo great a Part.

This TRAGEDY having lain *dormant* for many Years, was lately revived, in the moſt IRREGULAR MANNER, that was ever *known* or *practiſed* either on PARNASSUS, by *Poets*; or on the STAGE, by ACTORS. The *Town* has already done Mr. BOYER ſome Juſtice, by Diſcovering the *Impoſition*, and by Finding out, that the VICTIM was no other than ACHILLES and IPHIGENIA in AULIS. The Publiſhing a SECOND EDITION of this *Play*, (which was out of Print) is ſufficient to juſtify the *Judgment* of the Publick, and vindicate Mr. *Boyer*'s Right. But the manner in which his *Performance*, and *Himſelf*, have been abuſed is ſo *flagrant* and *injurious*, that he deſigns, in few Days, to publiſh a ſhort DISSERTATION, *on the* PRESENT MANAGEMENT *of the* STAGE, *Addreſſed to My Lord* CHAMBERLAIN, wherein he ſhall ſet in a true Light, the

the PERNICIOUS CONSEQUENCES of ſuch *Unfair Practiſes* both of ſome *Writers* and *Players*; and in particular, inquire into the Reaſon, Why Mr. *Wilks* declined to revive, this very *Tragedy*, for the Entertainment of the Duke D'AUMONT, who, by his Secretary Monſieur l'ABBE NADAL, had Intimated to Mr. *Boyer*, his Deſire to ſee it repreſented; which Mr. *Boyer* ſignified to Mr. *Wilks*?

TO

TO THE

PLAGIARY

OF

Mr. *BOYER*'s

IPHIGENIA.

VAin is *Racine*'s and *Boyer*'s Labouring Wit!
The one *Improving* what the other Writ:
Both fall a *Sacrifice* to thy *Third-Day*
And Lovely *Iphigenia* is thy *Prey*.
Nor knows the Nimph if ſhe ſhould more deteſt
Calchas or Thee; the *Pirate* or the *Prieſt*?
Her ancient *Tears and Griefs*, from him proceed
Who brought her to *Diana*'s Shrine to bleed:
But that She *mourns unpitied* in her *Woes*,
The Wretched Virgin to thy *Dulneſs* owes.
Her *Life* alone was *Wicked Calchas*'s Aim:
Thou toucheſt a yet tenderer Part, her *Fame*.
Thy *Theft* has all her *Grace* and *Luſtre ſoil'd*;
Thou *Stoleſt* the *Beauty* firſt, and after *ſpoil'd*.
So fares it with that *deſperate Band*, who live
On *Prey* and *Rapine*, and by *Injury thrive*.
Thoſe whom they *Wrong*, with *Hatred* they purſue,
And not content to *Rob*, they *Murder* too.

ACHILLES:

OR,

IPHIGENIA in *AULIS.*

A

TRAGEDY.

AS

It is Acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-lane.*

Written by Mr. BOYER.

Rectius Iliacum Carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque prius.

Horat. *Art. Poet.*

LONDON.

Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the Half-moon in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1700.

Perſons Repreſented.

The MEN.

Agamemnon, King of the *Argos*, General of the *Grecians*, in their Expedition againſt *Troy*.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Achilles, in Love with *Iphigenia*.	Mr. *Powel*.
Ulyſſes,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Arcas, Confident to *Agamemnon*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Eurybates, Captain of the King's Guards,	Mr. *Toms*.
Calchas, The High Prieſt,	Mr. *Cibber*.

The WOMEN.

Clytemneſtra, Wife to *Agamemnon*,	Mrs. *Knight*.
Iphigenia, Daughter to *Agamemnon*,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Eriphile, Daughter to *Theſeus* and *Helena*, *Achilles*'s Priſoner,	Mrs. *Wilkins*.
Ægina, Woman to *Clytemneſtra*,	Mrs. *Baker*.
Doris, Woman to *Eriphile*,	Mrs. *Boden*.

Women, Guards, Prieſts, and Attendants.

The SCENE the *Grecian* Camp at *Aulis*.

THE

DEDICATION

TO

The Beautiful and Ingenious *DIANA.*

Madam,

DEdications are grown ſo Modiſh, that a Play makes as ill a Figure without one, as a Beau in the Side-Box without a long Wig.

Yet I muſt freely own, that the greateſt Trouble this Tragedy gave me, was the fixing it on a proper Perſon to Patronize it. Thoſe whoſe Merit entitles them to theſe ſolemn Addreſſes, are generally unwilling to have their Names expos'd; and ſuch who are moſt fond of ſeeing their Pedigrees, and Encomiums prefix'd to a Play, do commonly faſten upon the Poet the ſcandalous Character of a vile Flatterer.

One of my Friends adviſ'd me to offer this Piece to a great Lord; but not being Secretary to his Miſtreſs, I was afraid of meeting with a cold Reception. Another would perſuade me to Dedicate to a Courtier; but I am either too Modeſt or too Proud to appear with a cringing Aſſurance at a Levee; and too great a Lover of Truth to commend a Fop in Favour. Another would have me Addreſs to a Beau-Knight; but he being lately broke at Baſſet, and his Taylor's and Perwig-maker's Bills coming thick upon him, I was unwilling to put in for one amongſt his needy Viſitants. Laſtly, a fourth would have engag'd me to make my *Achilles* and *Iphigenia* court the ſhelter of ſome Rich Citizen; but my Muſe was too aſpiring to proſtitute herſelf to a Plebeian

Thus having review'd all Patrons of all Ranks, and maturely conſider'd the ſeveral pitiful Means by which ſome Poets intrude into their Protection, I was induc'd, for many Reaſons, to lay this Tragedy on fair *Diana's* Shrine.

The DEDICATION.

First of all, as ancient Poets tell us, the *Greek Iphigenia* owing its Preſervation to *Diana* in *Aulis*, I hope the Perſon who is willing to borrow the Name of that Goddeſs, will likewiſe receive the *Engliſh Iphigenia* under her Patronage.

Beſides, by thus prefixing your feign'd Name to this Play, I ſpare my ſelf the trouble of a begging Viſit, and you the Sight of a Dunning Dedicator.

But, Madam, the moſt prevalent Motive with me is, That I may commend you without being ſuſpected of Adulation, or making your Modeſty uneaſy. I may freely proclaim to the World, that you make Conqueſts by your Beauty, and ſecure them by your Wit; that your Senſe equals your Wit, and that your good Humour is inferiour to neither. I may boldly ſay, that you are free with Innocence; Modeſt without Affectation; and Virtuous without Pride. That at once you command Love and Reſpect; and that nothing ſurpaſſes the Charms of your Converſation, but your admirable way of Writing.

Nay, I might take a greater Latitude with you than any Poet ever did with his Patron, for I might tell you of your Faults, and reproach your cruel Indifference, not to ſay, Ingratitude. I might confirm my conſtant Love to you, and expoſtulate your broken Promiſes of eternal Friendſhip. I might remind you of your Letters, without putting you to the Bluſh, or incurring my ſelf the charge of Indiſcretion, ſince nothing can be more ſecret than what I now ſpeak in Publick.

All theſe Advantages I find in Dedicating to my charming *Diana*; and if ſhe proves ſo kind as to bleſs me once more with her endearing Company, I will eſteem this Epiſtle better rewarded than any I writ before. I remain with all the Sincerity of a Lover and a Poet.

Charming DIANA,

From behind the Scenes in *Drury-lane*, *Jan.* the 14th, 1700.

Your moſt devoted humble Servant.

A. BOYER

The

THE PREFACE.

Poets, like most Lovers, are apt to boast the Favours, or complain of the Rigour of their Mistress, the Town: For my part, I am too discreet a Lover to boast, and too young a Poet to complain; and tho' the First run of this Play was but short, yet I must own my self oblig'd to the Civility of the English *Nation; for on this Occasion, as on many others, I found that the Imputation of being inhospitable and rude to Strangers, which* Horace *charges on the* Britons, *reaches no higher than the Mob.*

Some of my Friends wonder'd that a Play which was acted with so much Applause, should stop so soon in its career. The Reason of it is obvious: This Tragedy came out upon the Neck of another of the same Name, which being the product of a Giant-Wit, *and a* Giant-Critick, *like* Horace's *Mountain in Labour, had miserably balk'd the World's Expectation; and most People having been tir'd at* Lincolns-Inn-Fields, *did not care to venture their Patience at* Drury-lane, *upon a false Supposition that the two* Iphigenia's *were much alike: Whereas they differ no less than a young, airy Virgin, from a stale, antiquated Maid.*

Another difficulty this Play labour'd under, was its being acted at a time when the whole Town was so much, and so justly diverted by the Trip to the Jubilee. *A merry Entertainment is certainly very improper to prepare the Tastes of an Audience to relish a grave and solemn Tragedy; for we are naturally angry with those who would make us Weep, when we are in a fit of Laughing. Yet notwithstanding all these Inconveniencies, my* Iphigenia *has pleas'd the fairest Part of the Town, I mean the Ladies, and having gain'd this Point, I have my Wishes.*

Now when I call this Play mine, let me not be thought so arrogant as to assume the Honour of the Composition wholly

wholly to my self. The Subject of it is taken from a Greek *Tragedy of* Euripides: *This Monsieur* Racine *brought upon the* French *Stage with the Addition of the Episode of* Eriphile, Achilles's *Captive, which renders his Plot more full and compleat.*

Monsieur Racine *manag'd his Subject with a great deal of Mastery: His Expressions are free and lofty; his Sentiments noble and virtuous; his Passions moving and natural; his turns well manag'd and surprizing; the whole Piece regular. The success answer'd this extraordinary Performance;* Iphigenia *at her first Appearance on the* French *Stage, drew Tears, and commanded Admiration both from the Court and the City, for many Months successively; and set Monsieur* Racine *above the Level of all* French *Tragick Writers.*

The great success of Racine's Iphigenia, *and the Encouragement I receiv'd from some Persons of a just Discernment, made me venture to make her appear upon an* English *Theatre; now, whether she has gain'd or lost any Thing by her new Dress, I leave to the Judicious to determine. All I can say in her Favour, is, That her numbers are easy and flowing; and that she speaks* English *like a genteel well-bred Lady, and not like an affected, pedantick Would-be-Wit. But in this, I must own my self oblig'd to my honour'd and ingenious Friend Mr.* Cheek, *to whom I owe some of my smoothest Lines. I wish he had a greater share in the whole Play, for then I am sure the Town would have lik'd it a great deal better.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Written by *Tho. Cheek*, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. Powell.

Apollo t'other Day in Council sat,
Where after many a learned and wise Debate,
Finding Wits Enemies so fast encrease,
To Silence Folly Fools, and keep the Peace,
It was Resolv'd—— As well the Cause it fits,
To Reinforce his Regiment of Wits,
Among the rest, the Author of this Play
Here takes his Post, and enters into Pay.
He hopes to keep it too with Reputation,
And stem the Tide of Folly in the Nation.
That's a hard Task—, and I'm afraid it tends
To make him lose abundance of his Friends:
Yet tho' he has obtain'd a Priviledge,
He would be very loath to Disoblige.
The Race of Fops his Satyr ne're will drive at,
If modestly they'll play the Fool in private.
But if they still appear in publick Places,
With fashionable Nonsense and Grimaces,
He must not let 'em scape without Derision,
That were a Crime would forfeit his Commission.
Yet in this Play no Satyr will appear.
All that deserve it are in safety here.
From great *Euripides* he drew this Piece,
Euripides the boast of ancient *Greece*.
And wondrous Beauties of each coming Scene,
With Pride he owns he borrow'd from *Racine*.
Then, since these Poets had such great Success
Why mayn't ours please you in an *English* dress?
Yet tho' like them the labour'd Scene he draws,
With just regard to the Dramatick Laws,
He'd not be thought of that vain-glorious Tribe,
Who their own Rules imperiously prescribe.
He better knows what to your Taste is due,
And writes well, only when he pleases you.
His Muse in Nature's Majesty appears,
She has no Sounds *Tremendous* to the Ears;
And if once more he should attempt to write,
His Pen shall Draw, your Palate shall Indite.

THE

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

Spoken by Mr. Norris.

THE Deuce take Poet, Epilogue, and Play!
The Devil a Word know I what I've to ſay,
Who'll mind his Cant? An Audience, like a Lover,
Longs to be gone ſoon as the Play is over,
As for Example —.
Yond' mobb'd-up, civil, modeſt Velvet Faces
Long to be Coach'd to more diverting Places.
Not one would ſtay, tho' they but now ſneak'd in;
When our Play ends, theirs always does begin.
Kind Cull, and Miſs ſteal out from th'Epilogue,
And merrier Scenes are acted at the Dog.
You rakiſh Sparks in queſt of Game run out,
And give or take the Covent-garden *Gout.*
Your Student who but came to ſee the Play,
With ſome Pit-Muſe his Talent would eſſay.
Some at Baſſet long to encreaſe their Guineas,
And leave 'em there, and then ſneak home like Ninnies.
You Topers long to drink in ample Glaſſes
Confuſion to dull Poets and pale Faces.
But above all yond' City Fry would go,
Who came by Three to ſit on that Firſt Row.
Poor Things!
They thought e're this that they might home have ſcutled,
Their Time's all ſpent, and all their Apples guttled.
The Poet (if he's not quite Dead for Fear)
Won'd go to Wills *Incog. t'obſerve his Criticks there.*
Scarce one wou'd ſtay but that obliging Fry,
Who about this time in our dark Paſſage ply,
Stale Wenches, Sharpers, Catterwawling Sparks,
Old dirty Beaux, and young Attornies Clerks.
Since then your Buſineſs lyes another way,
I hope you have not Time to damn the Play;
But if you muſt, do't on the Poets Day.

Achilles:

ACHILLES:

OR,

IPHIGENIA in *AULIS.*

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp near the Sea Shore. A Fleet at a diſtance. The Curtain riſes and diſcovers Agamemnon *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Agam. ARCAS, what hoa! *Arcas*, awake!
He hears me not: Sweet Sleep ſeals faſt his Eyes.
He is no King, he is no wretched Father,
Who fatally has promis'd his own Child,
To be a bloody Victim to Ambition.
Oh! *Agamemnon!* Thou haſt baniſh'd Reſt
For ever, ever baniſh'd Peace of Mind,
To graſp the ſhadow of a mighty Name.
Arcas! I ſay, what hoa! *Arcas.*

Enter *Arcas.*

Arc. Great Sir, I come —. But what concern
Has rouz'd you from your Bed before the Morn?
There's ſcarce a glimmering Light to guide our Steps;
All Eyes but yours and mine are cloſ'd in *Aulis*
What! Has ſome welcome noiſe diſturb'd the Air?
And are the Winds propitious to our Wiſhes?
But, no——— All ſleeps: The Camp, the Winds, and *Neptune.*

Agam. Oh Happy! Who contented with his State,
Free from the Gaudy Thraldom of a Crown,
Securely lives in an obſcure Retreat!

Arc. What makes you thus expostulate with Fate?
And hate those Honours, which indulgent Heaven
With lavish Bounty has bestow'd on you?
A Crown is the least blessing you enjoy.
Your Queen and Children both proclaim you Happy;
Descended on each side from mighty *Jove*,
Hymen unites you still to all the Gods.
Nay, more ———, That noble Youth markt out by Fate,
To do those Actions that will pass belief,
Achilles courts your Daughter, and intends
To light the Nuptial Torch on flaming *Troy*.
What Triumph, Sir, is like that pompous shew
Which Fortune here displays to raise your Glory?
A thousand Sail, fraighted with twenty Kings,
Wait only for a Gale, and your Command.
'Tis true this tedious Calm retards your Conquests;
The fetter'd Winds obstruct your way to *Troy*;
But then consider, e'en amidst these Honours,
That as you are a Man you must expect
To find the Sweets of Life still mixt with Gall;
And as all things submit to Change, we may——
But, Sir, what means this Letter, and your Tears?
Is young *Oreſtes* ill?
Is *Clytemnestra* or *Iphigenia* Sick?

Agam. No, no, thou shalt not die, I'll ne're consent. [*Aside*

Arc. My Lord!

Agam. Thou seest my trouble, but now learn the Cause,
And judge if with my Cares I can repose.
Thou well remember'st that long wish'd-for Day,
When all this numerous Fleet met here in *Aulis*, [*Pointing to the Navy.*
And courted by the Wind to cut the Main,
Had hoisted up her Sails: The shouting Host
Began to threaten *Troy*'s far-distant Shore.
But on a sudden a new Prodigy
Quell'd all our Raptures, and becalm'd the Sea;
Our Ships deserted by the flattering Winds,
Strove, but in vain to ply their feeble Oars.
Surpriz'd, and full of wonder, I address'd
My Prayers to the fam'd Goddess of this Place,
And then with *Menelaus*, *Nestor*, and *Ulysses*,
I vow'd to her a secret Sacrifice.
But, Oh! What dreadful Answer did I hear,
When *Calchas* spoke aloud these fatal Words.
"In vain you arm against the *Trojan* State,
"Unless a Daughter of the Race of *Helen*,
"Upon the Altar of *Diana* dies;

"If

" If you'd obtain the Winds the Heavens deny,
" Sacrifice *Iphigenia*——

Arc. Your Daughter!

Agam. Amaz'd and Speechleſs, for a while I ſtood:
My trembling Spirits chill'd within my Veins:
But when my broken Voice burſt out a Paſſage,
I curſt the Gods and vow'd to diſobey.
My firſt reſolve was to diſmiſs the Army,
Which ſly *Ulyſſes* ſeemingly approv'd,
To let my raging Paſſion take its courſe.
But ſoon employing his perſwading Arts,
He laid before me all the ties of Honour;
Thoſe Troops and Princes under my Command,
The *Eaſtern* Empire fated to be ours,
All that could raiſe Ambition to a height.
Down that Title of the King of Kings,
Flatter'd the haughty weakneſs of my Soul.
Beſides, the Gods alſoon as gloomy Night,
Began to lull my Cares in gentle Slumbers,
With angry Dreams reproach'd my impious Pity,
And threatn'd vengeance to my troubled Mind;
With Tears I yielded and pronounc'd the Doom
Of my unhappy Daughter——.
But now, what barbarous cunning did I uſe,
To draw her from her Mothers tender Armes!
I ſent her Orders to repair to *Aulis*:
Pretending that *Achilles* preſt to go,
Would wed my Daughter, e're we put to Sea.

Arc. But fear you not *Achilles*'s boiling Rage?
Think you that unconcern'd he'll calmly ſee,
His Name abus'd to Sacrifice his Love?

Agam. *Achilles* then had left the Camp: To meet
His Father *Peleus*'s inſulting Foes;
And all expected this new kindled War,
Would for a while employ his early Courage.
But what can ſtop this Heroes rapid courſe?
Achilles Fights and Triumphs as he runs,
And vying with the ſwifteſt Wings of Fame,
Return'd laſt Night to join our wondring Army.

Arc And has he learn'd what Fate attends his Bride?

Agam. He has not——.
But ſtill a ſtronger motive holds my Arm:
My Daughter who with eager joy approaches,
To meet a longing Lover and a Father,
(The kindeſt Father as She may ſuppoſe)
My Daughter meets inevitable Death.

My Daughter! at that ſacred Name I ſhake;
Yet, 'tis not Blood alone endears her to me,
Her Love, her Piety, her gentle Nature,
A thouſand blooming Virtues I regret.
No, no, I'll ne'er perform the Sacrifice,
Heaven is too juſt to own ſo black a Deed,
And to be Pious I muſt diſobey.

Ulyſſes. But how can you reveal your ſolemn Promiſe?

Agam. Thy Zeal and Prudence muſt perform that Task:
I know, the Queen at *Sparta* try'd thy Faith;
Here take this Letter and convey it to her.
Prevent my Daughters coming: For when once
She's ſeen in *Aulis*, her Fate's paſt recal.
The Gods and *Chalcbas* will demand their Victim,
Controul my Tenderneſs and ſlight our Tears;
The affrighted *Grecians*, jealous of my Power,
With holy Boldneſs will protect their claim,
Inſult my woe; perhaps quaſh my Command.
Go, Save her from the Gods, from my Ambition.
But have a care not to reveal my ſecret;
Let not my Daughter know what ill I meant her.
Spare me the loud Reproaches of a Wife;
Spare me the ſoft Upbraidings of a Daughter;
And that thy Tongue may ſuit with what I write,
Tell them *Achilles* having chang'd his Mind,
Defers the Nuptial Rites till we return;
That young *Eriphile*, his *Lesbian* Captive,
Who now attends my Daughter, is ſuppos'd
To be the cauſe of his indifference.
Let them Divine the reſt——. Approaching Day
Bids thee to be gone: Depart. But who comes here? [*Exit.* Arcas.
Gods! 'Tis *Achilles*: What! *Ulyſſes* with him?

[*A flouriſh of Trumpets.*

Enter *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes*.

Agam. My Lord, I ſee with pleaſing Admiration,
Your fame return with Victory and Fame;
Trifle are the Eſſays of untaught Valour,
To what Triumphs muſt attend your riper Courage?
Lesbos ſubdu'd, all *Theſſaly* reduc'd,
Which ſeem'd to aſk a Hero's tedious Toil,
Prov'd only an Amuſement to *Achilles*.

Achil. My Lord, you over-rate a trifling Conqueſt:
And may the Gods open a nobler Field,
To merit the great Prize you have propos'd,

To

To animate my Courage. But, My Lord,
Muſt I believe the joyful News I hear?
That to anticipate my diſtant Bliſs,
Fair *Iphigenia* comes to the Camp,
To Crown my Wiſhes?
Agam. My Daughter!
Who told you ſhe's to come?
Achil. You ſeem ſurpriz'd, my Lord, at this Report?
Agam. Heav'n! How I fear my ſecret is reveal'd [*To* Ulyſſes.
And all my cunning loſt!
Ulyſ. My Lord, the King's ſurprize [*To* Achilles.
Is but to juſt: Good Gods! Is this a time
To think on Nuptial Joys, when angry Heaven
Strikes terror through the Camp? Whilſt a dead Sea
Affrights all *Greece*, and waſtes our lingring Army;
Whilſt to appeaſe the unrelenting Gods,
A Victim, a dear Victim muſt be Sacrific'd,
Achilles minds his Love, as if he meant
T'inſult the publick Woes; muſt *Agamemnon*
Exaſperate our Fate with Feſtivals?
Is this, my Lord, the tender Love you ſhew,
To your afflicted Country?
Achil. In *Phrygian* Fields our Actions ſoon will prove
Whether *Ulyſſes* or I love her moſt.
In the mean time, you may diſplay your Zeal;
You may ſecurely tire the Gods with Prayers,
And load their Altars with tame Offerings;
You may conſult the panting Victims Breaſt,
And ſearch the cauſe of the Winds tedious Silence;
But as for me, who leave that care to *Calchas*,
I hope, my Lord, I may purſue a Marriage,
Which, not concerns the Gods nor you ——.
Yet, think not I'll diſſolve in womaniſh Pleaſures,
No, if I love, 'tis like the God of War,
Only to fill the vacancies of Action;
And my couragious Soul could never brook,
That any one ſhould touch the *Phrygian* Shore
Before *Achilles* ——.
Agam. Oh! Heaven! Why muſt thy ſecret Envy ſtop
The way to *Aſia*, to ſuch noble Heroes?
Muſt I be witneſs of ſo bright a Valour,
Only to withdraw home, with Grief and Shame?
Ulyſ. Ye Gods! What do I hear?
Achil. My Lord, What's that you utter'd?
Agam. Princes, we muſt retire: Too long the Winds
Have tir'd our credulous Hopes with Expectation:

Thin-

Th'inexorable Gods are stubborn in denying;
Troy's under their protection, and dire Omens
To bid we should pursue our first Resolve.
Achil. What are those Omens that Heaven's Anger shew?
Agam. My Lord, you may consult what Heaven foretells,
About your self: 'Tis known to all the Camp,
That the whole fate of *Troy* depends on you.
But then consider, that your Life's the Price,
On which the Gods have rated that dear Conquest.
Achil. Thus all those Princes, whom your wrongs have summon'd,
Must now retire with Shame and Infamy,
And leave you unreveng'd. Whilst the Adulterer
Securely keeps your *Clytemnestra's* Sister.
Agam. My Lord, your Valour,
Which did anticipate our warlike Toils,
Has it not gloriously reveng'd those Wrongs?
The woes you spread through all the *Lesbian* State,
Keep still affrighted all th'*Ægean* Sea;
Troy saw with terror your devouring Flames,
And even into its Port the rolling Waves,
Carried the dismal tokens of your Victory.
Nay, more——— The *Trojans* mourn a second *Hellen*,
Which now remains your Prisoner at *Mycene*,
For 'tis in vain this Captive Beauty strives,
To keep a secret which her Pride betrays,
And e'en her silence speaks a noble Birth.
Achil. You pry too far into the Gods Decrees:
Besides, think you, my Lord, those frivolous Threats,
Will 'ere deter *Achilles* from pursuing,
Honour and Glory under your Command?
What if the fatal Sisters did fortell.
When first my Mother yielded to th'Embrace
Of mortal *Peleus*, that I might choose,
Either to live for many Years obscure,
Or gain eternal Fame by courting early Death?
For since I must at last submit to Fate,
I'll ne're be niggard of a Goddess's Blood.
When Honour calls, let Oracles be silent———
Down th'Almighty Gods controul our Lives,
But Honour, Sir, depends on our own Actions;
Then let us not regard what they Decree,
But rather strive to equal their Condition
By our immortal Deeds. Now since at *Troy*
Both Fame and Victory attend, I fly,
And only ask the Winds to wait me o're.
Let all th'affrighted *Greeks* retire with Shame,

I and

I and *Patroclus* will besiege the City,
And venge your Wrongs. But no, 'tis you Great Sir,
To whom the Gods reserve this Victory;
Therefore all my Ambition is to wait
On your Commands: And now I wave a Marriage
Which call'd me from the Camp: My dutious Love
Bids me consult your Honour and your Fame.
I will Cheer up the Soldiers, and Secure you
From those weak Souls who whisper frightful Tales. [*Exit* Achilles.

Ulys. My Lord, You see that nothing can remove,
His fixt Design of Marching against *Troy*;
We fear'd his Love, but he himself this Day,
Has furnish'd us with Reasons to oppose it.

Agam. Alas! Fond Youth!

Ulys. You sigh, My Lord, as if
You felt the Murmurs of rebellious Nature?
Shall I believe one Night could shake your Mind,
And stagger your Resolve? But, Sir, remember,
By solemn Vows you have resign'd your Daughter,
Calchas, whom all the *Greeks* consult each Day
Depends upon your Promise, and foretells
That the propitious Winds will soon return.
If his Predictions should now prove abortive,
Think you, my Lord, he'll not arraign your Weakness?
T'assert the Cause of the Immortal Gods,
And prove the Truth of their prophetick Answers?
Think you the *Greeks* provok'd by your Denial,
Will calmly see the Oracles contemn'd,
And their Religion scorn'd? Beware, my Lord,
And fear the Rage of superstitious Zeal.

Agam. Barbarous Fate!

Ulys. Yet more, my Lord, it was your pressing Call,
Has Summon'd all the *Grecians* to this Shore,
By challenging the Promise of those Princes,
Who Rival'd *Menelaus*, and Courted *Hellen*;
For we all Swore to *Tyndarus* her Father,
That when his Choice was fixt on any one,
The Test would yield their Claims, and with Confederate Pow
Punish the bold outragious Ravisher,
That durst insult the happy Husband's Rights.
But as 'twas Love that wrested this fond Oath,
So that Love ceasing it had been neglected.
'Twas you that drew us from the soft Embrace,
Of our dear Consorts, and our dearer Children;
Yet, when a noble Fire t'avenge your Wrongs,

Does

Does animate the Camp: When *Greece* proclaims
Your Zeal and Wiſdom: Nay, when twenty Kings
Will Sacrifice their Lives in your Defence,
You, Sir, alone refuſe the glorious purchaſe
Of Honour and Revenge; a little Blood
You think too dear to gain immortal Fame.
Muſt It be ſaid, the General of *Greece*
Employ'd his skill in nothing but Commanding
A ſafe Retreat?

Agam. Alas! my Lord, how eaſily, whilſt ſecure
From my impending Woes, you ſeem undaunted!
But was your Son *Telemachus* the Victim,
How ſoon the ghaſtly image of his Death,
Would turn to Tears your proud inſulting Speech?
How deep you'd feel the Torments I endure
From ſtruggling Nature! And how ſwift you'd fly
To ſnatch him from the Prieſt! Yet ſince my promiſes paſt,
If my unhappy Daughter meets us here,
I'll not recall it, but if kinder Fate
Prevents her coming, you'll not think it ſtrange,
If I accept the welcome Help of Heaven;
Too long your Counſels have prevail'd upon me,
I bluſh to think on't———

Enter *Eurybates*.

Euryb. My Lord———.

Agam. Gods! The News?

Euryb. The Queen bid me haſte
To tell you her Approach: And that ſhe brings
Her Daughter, to reſign her to your Arms.
She had arriv'd before, but that ſhe loſt
Her way, through thoſe thick Woods that ſhrowd the Camp.

Agam. Oh! Heav'n!

Euryb. They are attended
By young *Eriphile*, *Achilles*'s *Lesbian* Captive,
Who being unacquainted with the Parents,
Deſigns to learn her Fate from Renown'd *Chalchas*.
The News of their arrival is now ſpread
Through all the Camp, and with loud Acclamations,
The joyful Soldiers crowd about the Queen,
And your fair Daughter; ſome enquire the Cauſe
That brings them hither: Others are contented,
To pray the Gods for their Proſperity.
But with a common Voice, all bleſs their General,
As the moſt glorious King, and happy Father.

Agam.

Agam. 'Tis well—, you may retire——, I'll make them welcome.
Exit. Eurybates.

Thus to ſecure its Vengeance, angry Heaven
Breaks all the Meaſures of my Policy!
Yet if I was allow'd the Priviledge
Of ſoothing Tears, it were ſome Comfort! But
The barbarous Fate of Kings ſets us on high,
To lie expos'd to all the Bolts of Fortune,
And be a gazing-ſtock to thoſe below.
Thus ſtill beſet by troubleſom Spectators,
Tho' moſt unhappy, we muſt leaſt complain.

Ulyſ. My Lord, I am a Father, nay, a tender Father,
Who feelingly reſents your cruel Woe:
I ſhudder at the ſtroke that makes you ſigh,
And e'en would weep to countenance your Tears.
But your denial can have no Excuſe,
The Gods have brought their Victim to the Camp,
Calchas expects it, and will ſoon demand it.
Yet, whilſt we are alone, let flowing Tears
Expreſs your Sorrow: Your concern allows them.
But, no———, let rather your undaunted Soul
Conſider the vaſt Glory you ſhall reap.
Behold the *Helleſpont* yields to our Oars;
Behold our Flames devour perfidious *Troy*;
Her Subjects made your Slaves; King *Priamus*
Graſping your Knees, and *Helena* reſtor'd.
Behold our numerous Fleet returns to *Aulis*
Crown'd with ſucceſs: Behold that pompous Triumph,
That will be the fam'd Tale of After-ages.

Agam. My Lord, I find how weak and impotent,
All my Efforts would be t'oppoſe the Gods.
And ſince it is decreed, that Innocence
Muſt be oppreſt, I——, no——, I'll never yield:
Oh! Cruel Fate! Inexorable Gods!

Ulyſ. My Lord, remember
Your ſolemn Vows, and dread th'Almighty Powers.
Conſult your Safety——; Nay, conſult your Honour.

Agam. Oh! Hard Neceſſity!
Oh! Wretched Father! Yet engage the Prieſt
To Silence for a while: Let me, at leaſt,
Be Guiltleſs for one Moment: Let me hide,
From *Clytemneſtra*, my black, barbarous Arts;
And ſpare her tender Heart the cruel Sight,
Of a dear Daughter bleeding on an Altar.
[*Exit.* Agamemnon.

Ulyſ. I've done my Task: Nature and Love give way,
The Gods and Honour bear the Sovereign Sway.

The end of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter *Eriphile*, weeping, *Doris*.

Eriph. DOris, Let us retire: And whilſt within
They feel the Raptures of their mutual Love,
Both in a Father, and a Husband's Arms,
Here let me vent my unrelenting Grief.
Dor. Why, Madam, will you thus provoke your Sorrows?
And waſte thoſe Beauties with inceſſant Tears?
'Tis true, nothing ſeems Charming to a Priſoner,
Captivity turns all to Bitterneſs;
Yet, ſhall I tell it? When we croſt the Seas
With proud *Achilles*, when yet a trembling Captive,
You view'd your Conqueror, me thought your Eyes
Were leſs employ'd about your Miſeries.
Now Fortune ſeems to ſmile, ſince *Iphigenia*
Like a fond Siſter ſooths your Cares with Friendſhip,
And gives thoſe Comforts you had found in *Troy*.
You long'd to come to *Aulis*, and your Wiſhes
Are all accompliſh'd, yet your Grief redoubles.
Eriph. What! Doſt thou think that ſad *Eriphile*,
Can be a calm Spectator of their Joys?
Canſt thou believe my Griefs will diſappear,
When I behold a Heaven I cannot reach?
Bleſt *Iphigenia* hugs the deareſt Father,
She is the Pride of a fond haughty Mother,
Whilſt from my Infancy expos'd to Dangers,
My unknown Parents never Smil'd on me.
I am a Stranger to my very ſelf;
And to compleat my Woes, the Oracle
Bid me continue in my Ignorance;
For when I ask to whom I owe my Birth,
'Tis anſwer'd, in this Knowledge lies my Loſs.

Dor.

Dor. But why ſhould this defer you from your Search?
All Oracles lie hid in dubious Riddles,
Who knows but by the loſing a falſe Name
You'll find your own: This, ſure, muſt be the Loſs
The Oracle foretells, for in your Cradle,
Your Name was chang'd———

Eriph. Of all the Circumſtances of my Fate,
This is the only one I e'er could learn,
From thy unhappy Father, who knew all.
Indeed he us'd to tell me, that in *Troy*,
I ſhould retrieve my Glory, my true Name,
And find my Royal Parentage——— But oh!
I had within my view the wiſh'd-for City,
When fierce *Achilles* led his Conquering Hoſt,
'Gainſt *Lesbos*, and made all yield to his Sword;
Thy Father buried in a heap of Dead,
Left me a Captive to my ſelf unknown:
And of all thoſe great Honours I expected,
Vile Priſoner of *Greece*, I only keep
The Pride of a High Birth I cannot prove.

Dor. How great's the Loſs of ſuch a Faithful Witneſs!
How much you ought to hate the Barbarous Hand
That gave the fatal Blow! Yet renown'd *Calchas*,
Who holds a Correſpondence with the Gods,
And know's what's paſt, what's preſent, what's to come,
Calchas may, ſure, acquaint you with your Fate.
Beſides, this Camp affords you ſafe Protection:
Kind *Iphigenia* will ſoon be joyn'd,
In happy Marriage to our Conquerour,
And make our Chains the lighter; doubt it not,
She has engag'd her Promiſe———

Eriph. What! If of all my Woes
This fatal Marriage were the cruelleſt?

Dor. How! Madam?

Eriph. Be not ſurpriz'd my Griefs admit no Cure,
But rather wonder I have liv'd ſo long,
With ſuch a load of Cares and Miſery.
I am unknown, a Stranger, and a Captive:
All theſe were little———But, oh! I'm a Lover.
That fierce Deſtroyer of the *Lesbian* State;
That fatal Author of our dire Misfortunes,
Who with Hands drench'd in Blood made me his Captive,
And with thy Father robb'd me of my Birth,
Achilles is the deareſt Man I view.

Dor. Heaven! What do I hear?

Eriph. I firſt deſign'd
Eternal Silence ſhould conceal my Weakneſs:
But I muſt ſpeak to eaſe my Soul oppreſt,
And in thy friendly Boſom vent a Secret,
Which ought for ever, ever be forgotten.
Yet, *Doris*, ask me not with what fond Hopes,
I entertain'd this Paſſion in my Breaſt?
I will not charge it on that kind Concern,
With which *Achilles* ſeem'd to ſooth my Woes.
No, no; 'tis unrelenting Heaven's Decree,
Still to purſue me with immortal Hatred,
And cruſh my tender Heart with Cares of Love.

Dor. Oh! cruel hopeleſs Love!

Eriph. Shall I call back to my diſtracted Mind,
The ſad Remembrance of that diſmal Day,
When firſt we loſt our Liberty?
Speechleſs and Trembling for a while I lay,
Buried in gloomy Night; at laſt my feeble Eyes,
Began to ſeek the Light, and as I ſaw
The preſſing Hand of my fierce Conquerour
Reeking with Blood, I fear'd to meet his Looks.
As I embark'd with him, I ſtill endeavour'd,
To ſhun the dreadful and deteſted Sight;
But, oh! I ſaw him; ſaw him with a Bluſh;
Nay, which is more, I ſaw him with concern.
His Aſpect was Serene, and my Reproaches
Could find no Tongue to Curſe the pleaſing Foe;
My Heart rebell'd againſt my Miſeries,
And all my Anger melted into Tears.
I follow'd with Delight my Charming Guide,
And as I lov'd him then, I love him ſtill.
Kind *Iphigenia* offers me Protection,
But all in vain, ſince my tormenting Furies
Bid me lay hold of my Protectreſs's Hand,
Only to cruſh a Rival, and unſeen
Diſturb thoſe Joys which cauſe my Sufferings.

Dor. Alas! What can your feeble Hate perform?
Had it not been much better t'have remain'd
Still Priſoner at *Mycene*; there to quench
Your fatal Fires, and ſhun the cruel Woes
Of unregarded Love———

Eriph. 'Twas my Deſign; but tho' my Rivals Triumph
Threatned my new-born Love with endleſs Torments,
Yet driv'n by Fate I came: A ſecret Voice,
Bid me attend my Guardian———

Preſag-

Preſaging that I might leave on this Shore,
All my Misfortunes, and like a Libation,
Pour them upon the Heads of theſe bleſt Lovers.
This is the Reaſon I appear in *Aulis*,
And not a fond Deſire to know my Birth.
Or rather I am come to let their Nuptials
Pronounce my final Doom; for if accompliſh'd,
A ſpeedy Death will end my Miſeries;
And without waſting time in fruitleſs Search,
After my unknown Parentage, the Grave
Will hide my Love and Shame———

Dor. How much I do lament your cruel Fate!

Enter to them *Agamemnon*, *Iphigenia*.

Iphig. My Lord, What makes you thus Fly from my Sight;
And ſhun the Claſping of a Daughter's Arms?
My dutiful Reſpect made me forbear,
Till the tranſported Queen had firſt expreſt
Her joys in your Embrace, Muſt *Iphigenia*,
Retire without a Bleſſing, and a Kiſs?
May'nt I?———

Agam. Yes—— you may embrace a Father, [*Embraces her.*
Who loves you ſtill———

Iphig. How dear I value ſuch a Father's Love!
What pleaſing Raptures do I feel, to ſee
Th'Exceſs of Power and Honour that ſurrounds you?
Fame's buſie Tongue had entertain'd my Ears,
With wond'rous Tales of your ſupreme Command;
But all comes ſhort of what I now behold;
My Joys and my Surprize at once redouble:
You have the general Love of all the *Grecians*,
And am I then belov'd by ſuch a Father?

Agam. Alas! A Father to ſo good a Daughter,
Deſerv'd to be more Fortunate———

Iphig. Is there a greater Fortune can attend a King?
I thought you reach'd the Top of humane Bliſs,
And that the Bounteous Gods could give no more.

Agam. Juſt Heaven! Muſt I prepare her to her Fate? [*Aſide.*

Iphig. You Sigh my Lord, and ſeem to caſt your Looks,
Unwillingly upon me; Pray, dear Sir,
Is it againſt your Orders we are come?

Agam. Daughter, I ſee you with a Father's Eye;
But at this Time and Place, perplexing Care
Diſturb my Joys———

Iphig.

Iphig. How ſad are the effects of tedious Abſence!
Alas! can't you forget your high Degree,
And learn to be a Father for a moment?
Here is no Witneſs that can make you Bluſh;
You ſee before you, none but a young Princeſs,
To whom I often told how bleſt I was
With the moſt Tender and Indulgent Father,
Who would at my Requeſt end her Misfortunes.
What will ſhe think of your Indifference?
Muſt all her Hopes be vain? Pray, gentle Father,
Diſpel thoſe Clouds that hover on your Brow.

Agam. Alas! My Daughter —

Iphig. My Lord, Go on.

Agam. Oh! I cannot———

Iphig. Curſt be th'adulterous *Trojan*,
The fatal Author of our dire Alarms!

Agam. His Ruin muſt be bought with Floods of Tears.

Iphig. I hope propitious Heaven will Protect your Head.

Agam. The Gods of late ſeem deaf to all my Prayers.

Iphig. *Calchas*, they ſay, prepares a Sacrifice.

Agam. May Heaven be appeas'd before 'tis Offer'd!

Iphig. Pray, when is that to be?

Agam. Too ſoon, Alas!

Iphig. Shall I be ſuffer'd
To joyn my Vows with yours before the Altar?

Agam. Oh! me!

Iphig. My Lord, you're ſilent———

Agam. No—— Yes—— You will be there, My Daughter——
Farewell——— [*Exit* Agamemnon.

Iphig. His cold Reception fills my Mind with Doubts.
A ſecret Horror ſeizes all my Limbs:
I fear—— But know not what, May Heaven avert
Th'impending Woes—— Yet, whom they ſeem to threaten,
The Gods alone can tell———

Eriph. Madam, I wonder that amidſt thoſe Cares,
Which now employ your Father, a ſmall Coldneſs
Can diſcompoſe your Mind? Alas! How anxious
My Thoughts muſt be?
Where'er I ſet my Steps I am a Stranger;
Loſt and abandon'd from my very Cradle,
My unknown Parents never caſt upon me
A flattering ſmile; You, if a croſs Father
Reject your dutious Love, may yet complain
To a fond Mother; nay, if both ſhould prove,
Unkind, a Lover will dry up your Tears.

Iphig.

Iphig. Yes, dear *Eriphile*, I own my Tears
Will ſoon be dry'd at my *Achilles*'s view:
His worth, my Father, my Heart bid me Love him.
Yet, What muſt I believe of this fond Lover?
Who ſeem'd to burn with longing expectation
To meet me here? What keeps him from my Sight?
I have, for theſe two Days, upon our Journey,
Sought him with trembling Looks; but all in vain.
At laſt I'm welcom'd by an unknown Crowd,
And ſtill he keeps away: Sad *Agamemnon*
Seems ſhy to name him to me. Where is he?
I'm full of Doubts and Fears———, What! Have the Cares of War,
Chill'd both a Father and a Lover's Heart?
But, no ——, I wrong him by unjuſt Alarms:
For he alone did ne're engage his Promiſe
To *Helen*'s Father: 'Tis on my Account
He flies to *Troy*; I am the only Prize
His generous Love expects to Crown his Valour.

Enter *Clytemneſtra*, with a Letter in her Hand.

Clyt. Daughter, we muſt be gone, and by a ſpeedy Flight
Prevent our Shame; 'tis now no more a Riddle,
What made your Father troubled and uneaſy
To ſee us here: This Letter clears all Doubts;
By faithful *Arcas* he had ſent it to me,
To ſpare us the Affront of a Denial.
But wandring from our Way, that Meſſenger
Could not convey it ſooner———.
He writes, *Achilles having chang'd his Mind,*
Defers the Nuptial Rites till his Return.
Eriphil. What do I hear!
Clyt. You bluſh, and ſeem concern'd at the Abuſe——;
But let your Spirit arm you with Diſdain. [*To* Iphigenia.
Ungrateful Wretch! Deceiv'd by his Renown,
I did at *Argos* countenance his Love,
And thought a Goddeſs's Son would make you Happy.
But ſince his vile Inconſtancy belies
His noble Offspring from th'unchanging Gods,
Let's now deſpiſe the baſeſt of Mankind,
And fly this hated Shore; leſt he ſhould think,
We ſtay to court his dull Indifference.
Your Father is acquainted with my Purpoſe,
I only wait him here to take my leave.
In the mean time I'll ſee all Things prepar'd

For

For our departure——. As for you, Madam, [*To* Eriphile.
You'd think it hard to follow; our Retreat
Leaves you in better Hands; too well we know,
That 'tis not *Chalchas* that you came to see.
[*Exit*, Clytemnestra, *in a Fury.*

Iphig. In what amaze of Trouble has she left me,
By her perplexing Speech! *Achilles having*
Chang'd his Mind,
Defers the Nuptial Rites till he Returns;
I must prevent my Shame by hasty Flight;
And 'tis not Calchas *that you came to see.* [To *Eriphile.*

Eriph. The meaning of her Speech is a dark Riddle,
I cannot apprehend——.

Iphig. Nay, Madam, too, too well,
You know its meaning—, yet, if barbarous Fate [*In an Ironical Tone.*
Robs me of a Husband, sure, you'll be more kind
Than to abandon me in my Misfortunes.
'Thad been a Torment for you to have staid
At *Mycene* without me——, Shall the Queen
Now leave you here alone?

Eriph Madam, I design'd
To consult *Calchas*——.

Iphig. Then what's the Reason you don't haste to see him?

Erip. You speak of being gone within a Moment.

Iphig. Sometimes one Moment may clear many Doubts:
But, Madam, I'm too pressing: And now plainly see,
What I could ne're have thought—— Yes, 'tis *Achilles*
Who makes you so uneasie till w'are gone.

Eriph. Can you suspect me of such Treachery?
I! Madam, Love a furious Conqueror,
Whose bloody Image haunts my fearful Mind,
E're since with Fire and Sword he spread Destruction,
Through all the *Lesbian* State?——

Iphig. Yes, Traytress, Yes, you love the fierce Destroyer:
And all those Horrors with which you describe him,
His Hands embru'd with Blood, his reeking Sword,
And flaming *Lesbos* are the Characters,
Which left his pleasing Image printed in your Soul.
This, I remember, this made you so fond,
Still to repeat to me the doleful Story
Of your Captivity—— I might have seen
Your eager Passion through your feign'd Complaints.
But my fond Friendship banish'd all Distrust,
I hug'd and cherish'd a perfidious Rival;
Credulous Fool! I lov'd her: Nay, I offer'd

The

The ſafe protection of her perjur'd Lover.
The Robbing me of him, I could forgive,
But to be brought to this deteſted Shore,
To meet th'ungrateful Man who now forſakes me,
And grace the Triumph of a treacherous Friend,
This, this is an Abuſe I cannot bear.

Eriph. Madam, you give me Words I ne're was us'd
To hear before ——; And tho' hard Fate purſues me
With cruel Hate, yet ſuch harſh ſounds till now,
Were Strangers to my Ears; But I excuſe
Th'unjuſt Reproaches of an incens'd Lover.
Which way could I prevent your Journey hither?
Can you ſuſpect *Achilles* will prefer
A forlorn Maid to *Agamemnon*'s Daughter?
One, who all ſhe can learn of her Condition,
Is, that ſhe is the Offspring of that Blood
He longs to ſpill ——.

Iphig. The barbarous Wretch inſults o're my Misfortunes!
And ſtill compares her vileneſs to my Glory,
Only to heighten her perfidious Triumph.
Was this then wanting to my load of Woe?
But have a care your Raptures be'nt too raſh:
That *Agamemnon* you have dar'd, commands
All *Greece*; He is my Father; nay, he loves me,
And feels my Sufferings deeply as my ſelf.
My Tears did melt him: I perceiv'd thoſe Sighs
He ſtrove to hide from me; Fond Fool! I blam'd
That Coldneſs which his Tenderneſs had caus'd.

Enter *Achilles*.

Achil. Is't poſſible then, Madam! Do I ſee you?
Or is it fond Deluſion? No! For the whole Camp,
Aſſur'd me you was here —, But, Madam, What concern
Has brought you to this Shore, ſince *Agamemnon*,
Gave out *Mycene* would enjoy you ſtill?

Iphig. My Lord, fear not my hated Preſence here,
For *Iphigenia* will ſoon be gone.

[Exit *Iphigenia with a diſdainful Air.*

Achil. She ſhuns me! Do I wake? Or is't a Dream!
Gods! How I am diſtracted at this Flight!
What ſhall I do? — Madam, can I preſume [*To* Eriphile.
To meet your Looks, and not provoke your Hatred?
Yet, if *Achilles* did e're pity you:
If you can now receive your Conquerours Prayer,
Inform me why they're come ——, ſure, you can tell.

Eriph. My Lord, I wonder
You ſhould be unacquainted with their Journey;

Since you have been a Month upon this Shore,
Still preſſing their Arrival, and your Nuptials.

Achill. I Madam? I was Abſent this whole Month,
And only came laſt Night———.

Eriphil. How, When *Agamemnon* did write to *Mycene*,
Did not your Love Indite and Guide his Hand?
I thought you was tranſported with the Charms
Of his bright Daughter———.

Achil. Yes: I ſtill adore her.
Nay, if I had conſulted but my Love,
I would have fled to ſee her at *Mycene*.
Yet, I am ſhunn'd; but for what Crime I know not.
Where'er I caſt my Looks I meet a Foe:
And e'en this Moment *Calchas* and *Ulyſſes*
Diſplay'd their Eloquence t'oppoſe my Love,
And ſeem'd to intimate it ſhock'd my Honour.
What can their Counſels mean? Am I abus'd?
And made a Tale to entertain the Army?
I'll in——, And wrench the Secret from their Souls.

[*Exit.* Achilles.

Eriph. Ye Gods! Who ſee my Shame, Where ſhall I hide it?
Proud Rival, thou art lov'd, and yet thou murmur'ſt.
Muſt I at once behold thy haughty Triumph,
And bear with thy Inſults? No—, Let me rather———:
But, *Doris*, I'm deceiv'd, or ſome great Storm,
Is gathering thick to break upon their Heads.
I've Eyes: —— Their Happineſs is not yet feel'd.
King *Agamemnon* Sighs, and is in Trouble:
He ſhuns his Daughter: Both avoid *Achilles*.
There's ſomething in it; I'll not yet Deſpair:
And if Fate liſtens to my Hatred's Call,
I'll die, but cruſh a Rival with my Fall. [*Exeunt* Eriphile, Doris

The end of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Agamemnon*, *Clytemneſtra*.

Clyt. YES, my Lord,
My Indignation made me leave the Camp,
And fly *Achilles* view: Scorn'd *Iphigenia*
Deſign'd *Mycene* ſhould lament her Woe.
But that young Hero wondring at our Flight,

Call'd

Call'd all the Gods to prove his Conſtancy,
And ſtopt our Journey. Nay, he preſſes now
That Marriage, which before, 'twas ſaid, he ſhunn'd.
He ſeeks you full of Paſſion and of Love:
Furious to know who rais'd this falſe Report,
And puniſh his audacious Inſolence.
Therefore let no Suſpicions pall our Joys.

Agam. Madam, 'tis well: *Achilles* muſt be truſted:
I own we wrong'd him: And I ſhare your Joys,
As much, as leaſt, as my concern allows.
Now ſince you wiſh that *Calchas* ſhould perform
The Nuptial Sacrifice, 'tis fit you ſend
Your Daughter to the Altar: I'll there wait her coming.
Yet firſt in private let me here adviſe you:
You ſee what place you're in, how every thing
Seems fitter for a Fight, than for a Marriage;
The Tumult of an Army, and a Fleet:
An Altar briſtling with Pikes, Darts and Spears,
Such horrid Pomp may ſute with fierce *Achilles*,
But is not calm enough to court your Sight,
It were unſeemly that the *Greeks* ſhould ſee,
Their Queen bereft of awful Majeſty,
And undiſtinguiſh'd in a Crowd of Soldiers.
Believe me; let your Maids alone attend
Your Daughter to the Altar———.

Clyt. I, Sir, reſign my Daughter to my Women!
And not accompliſh what I have begun?
Have I then brought her hither from *Mycene*,
And ſhall I now refuſe to lend my Hand
To lead her to the Prieſt? — Is not this a Duty
Incumbent on a Mother? — Who ſhall order
The Marriage Feſtival? ———

Agam. Madam, That might have been your Care
In *Atreus*'s Palace: Now you're in a Camp.

Clyt. Yes, I am in a Camp,
Where the whole Fate of *Troy* depends on you;
Where all the *Grecians* bow to your Command;
Where *Thetis*'s Son will this Day call me Mother;
Pray, in what Palace could I e're appear
With greater Splendor and Magnificence?

Agam. Madam,
By all th'immortal Authors of our Race,
I do conjure you, grant me this Requeſt:
I have my Reaſons.

Clyt. My Lord,
By all thoſe Pow'rs you nam'd, let me intreat you

Not to deny my Eyes that bliſsful ſhew.
Vouchſafe to ſee me there without a Bluſh.
Agam. I thought much better of a Wife's Compliance,
But ſince my Arguments, and my Intreaties
Can have no force to bend your ſtubborn Mind,
Madam—— it is my Pleaſure—— I command you———
Obey———

[Exit *Agamemnon.*

Clyt. Ye Gods above! What makes my Husband uſe
Such barbarous Care to keep me from the Altar.
Is he ſo elevated with his Power,
That he diſdains to own me for his Wife?
Or is his new Command yet ſo unſettled
That he dares not appear with *Hellens* Siſter?
But why that Nicety? Yet, ſince 'tis his Command
I willingly ſubmit; my Daughter's Bliſs
Makes me amends for all; th'indulgent Gods
Unite her to *Achilles*, and my Joys
Are Infinite to think ſhe ſhall be call'd———
But here he comes himſelf———

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Madam, all things ſucceed to Crown my Wiſhes:
The King deſires no further Satisfaction,
But truſts the Raptures of my eager Love.
I ſcarce began to clear my Innocence,
When with a kind Embrace he call'd me Son.
His Words were few: But, Madam has he told you
What happy News was ſpread at your Arrival?
Clyt. What's that, my Lord?
Achil. The Gods will be appeas'd: The Prieſt proclaims
That the next Hour by ſolemn Sacrifice,
Neptune will be propitious to our Vows,
And wake the drowſie VVinds; ſure of his Promiſe
The joyful Mariners unfurl their Sails,
And turn their Prows to *Troy*. As for me, Madam,
Tho' I were glad if to indulge my Love
The VVinds ſhould ſtill be ſilent for a while:
Tho' with regret I quit the happy Shore,
VVhere *Iphigenia* will ſoon be mine;
Yet with delight I graſp the bleſt Occaſion,
To Seal this noble Match with *Trojan* Blood;

And

And in the Ruins of perfidious *Troy*,
Bury the Shame of that reſpected Name,
To which mine will for ever be allied.

Enter Iphigenia, Eriphile, Ægina, Doris.

Fair Princeſs, all my Bliſs depends on you:
Your Father waits our coming to the Altar; [*To* Iphigenia.
Haſte Madam, to receive the plighted Faith
Of your Adorer———

Iphig. My Lord, before we go,
I hope the Queen will ſuffer me to ask you
A Boon to prove your Love: Here's a young Princeſs
Whoſe noble Aſpect ſpeaks her high Deſcent:
Her Eyes continually diſſolves in Tears,
You know her Troubles, for 'tis you have caus'd them.
And I juſt now tranſported with raſh Paſſion,
Rudely inſulted over her Affliction.
I would atone for my too-haſty Carriage,
And ſooth her into Eaſe, but how I know not,
Unleſs it be by interceeding for her.
My Lord, ſhe is your Captive, and thoſe Chains,
Whoſe weight I pity, will at your Command
Fall from her Hands: Let then your generous Deeds
Begin this happy and auſpicious Day.
Let ſad *Eriphile* be now diſcharg'd
From our Attendance——— Let all the *Grecians* ſee,
That the great King to whom I plight my Faith,
Is not contented to ſpread dire Alarms,
And wild Deſtruction through th'affrighted World,
But that he can relent at a Wifes Tears,
And like the Gods from whom he is Deſcended,
Will be diſarm'd by the Unfortunate.

Eriph. Yes, my Lord, you may alleviate
The quickeſt Pain a Woman ever felt.
'Tis true the Fate of War made me your Captive;
But ſtill you ſtrain too high its rigid Laws,
Thus to o're-bear my Heart with all the Torments
I ſuffer here.

Achil. You, Madam?

Eriph. Yes, my Lord, and waving all the reſt,
Could you impoſe a more ſevere Commnd,
Than here to make my Eyes the ſad Spectators,
Of the Proſperity of all my Foes:
My Proud, my Haughty, Perſecuting Foes.
Where'er I go, I hear th'inſulting Threats
Of a fierce Army, ready to deſtroy
My native Countrry: And to break my Heart,

I ſee,

I ſee, I ſee that fatal *Hymens* Brand,
Which will devour it, and conſume my Hopes.
Therefore permit me to retire from hence:
And wandring from your Sight, and ſtill unknown,
Bewail the Hardſhips of that diſmal Fate, [*Weeps.*
Which nothing but my Tears can well expreſs.
Achil. Fair Princeſs, that's too much: Wipe of thoſe Tears,
You have your Wiſhes; follow to the Altar,
That all the *Greeks* may witneſs you are Free;
And may the Hour that gives you Liberty,
Make me for ever Bleſt. [*Enter* Arcas.
Arc. Madam, all things are ready for the Sacrifice; To *Clytem.*
The King waits at the Altar for your Daughter,
And ſends me to Demand her—— Or rather,
Sir, I come [To *Achilles.*
To beg your help againſt him.
Achil. What ſay you, *Arcas*?
Clyt. Ye Gods! What News is this?
Arc. You alone, my Lord, [To *Achilles.*
Can now Protect her.
Achil. Againſt whom?
Arc. My Lord 'tis with regret I name him——
But I can keep no longer the black Secret,
And to be ſilent would be Treachery.
The Knife, the Fillet, the Pile, all is ready;
But were that fatal Pomp deſign'd to take
My Life for the Diſcovery—— yet I muſt ſpeak.
Clyt. Heaven! How I tremble! Quickly; *Arcas*,
Explain your meaning——
Achil. Whoe'er it be, ſpeak boldly, fear him not.
Arc. My Lord, you are her Lover; and you, Madam,
Her tender Mother; ſuffer not the Princeſs
To meet her Father——
Clyt. What ſhould we fear from him?
Achil. Why ſhould we diſtruſt him?
Arc. He waits her at the Altar, with intent
To Sacrifice her——
Achil. He! *Agamemnon*!
Clyt. His Daughter!
Iphig. My Father!
Eriph. Oh Heavens! What News!
Achil. Gods! What blind Fury
Can Arm his cruel Hand againſt his Daughter?
'Tis Impious but to think on't.
Arc. Alas! my Lord, there is no room for Doubt:
The Oracle and *Calchas* have pronounc'd

The

The fatal Doom, and ſtubbornly reject
All other Sacrifice: The Gods themſelves
Protect the Raviſher, and bid the Winds
Lie huſht till that be offer'd.

Clyt. How can the Gods decree ſo black a Deed?

Iphig. Heaven! What's my Crime, that merits ſuch hard Fate?

Clyt. Now 'tis too plain
Why he impos'd on me ſuch ſtrict Commands,
To keep me from the Altar.

Iphig. Is this the Marriage was deſign'd for me? [*To Achilles.*

Arc. The King to blind you, did ſuppoſe this Marriage,
And the whole Camp is ſtill in the ſame Error.

Clyt. My Lord, [*Kneels.*
Here let me graſp your Knees———

Achil. Alas! Madam——— [*Raiſing her.*
Pray riſe———

Clyt. My Lord, let me forget my troubleſome State:
This low Submiſſion ſuits my cruel Fortune;
I were too happy if my Tears could touch, [*Weeps.*
Your Heart with Pity——Alaſs! 'Tis your Bride
They ſnatch away from you. I brought her up
To the fond Hopes of this auſpicious Match.
'Tis you we fought on this deteſted Shore;
And 'tis your Name betrays her to her Fate.
Muſt ſhe then go t'implore the Angry Gods,
And graſp that Altar diſmally Adorn'd,
To Sacrifice her? You alone are here
Her Father, Husband and protecting God.
I read your Grief in your diſtracted Looks.
Daughter, I leave you in a Lovers Arms.
My Lord, I beg you, ſtay till I return.
I fly to meet my cruel, treacherous Husband,
And with juſt Rage oppoſe his wild Deſign.
I'll force the Prieſt to ſeek another Victim;
Or ſhould my beſt Efforts prove vain, to ward
The fatal Blow, I'll die with my dear Daughter.
[*Exit* Clytemneſtra.

Achil. Madam, all this while
My wonder kept me Dumb and Motionleſs.
Was it to me ſhe ſpoke? Am I *Achilles*?
And muſt your Mother and a Queen diſgrace
My noble Paſſion, to deſcend thus low
With unbecoming Poſture, Prayers and Tears
To move my Pity? Who is more concern'd
Than *Thetis*'s Son in your Proſperity?
Yes; you may truſt my Love, th'affront is levell'd

At me alone: Whatever they attempt,
I answer for a Life on which my own depends.
But my just Anger does engage me further:
'Twere little to protect, I will revenge you,
And punish all at once th'ignoble Cheat,
That dar'd t'abuse my Name for your undoing.

Iphig. Pray, My Lord, stay ——— Hear me ———.

Achil. Gods, must a Barbarian
Affront me thus! Whilst to revenge his Sister,
I fly to *Troy*; whilst by my leading Vote,
He holds command o're twenty Rival Kings;
Whilst for my Services, and Warlike Toils:
Whilst for the Price of that great Victory,
Which will enrich him, Vindicate his Wrongs,
And Crown his Name for ever with Renown;
I am contented with the glorious Title
Of being yours; the bloody Perjur'd Man
Thinks little to despite the sacred Laws
Of Love and Nature, and to rack my Soul
With the sad view, of your dear, Virgin Heart
Reeking upon an Altar, his black Deed
Must still be cover'd by a Marriage Pomp;
'Tis I must lead you to the Sacrifice;
My credulous Hand must guide the fatal Knife;
And in the place of Husband, I must prove
Your Executioner——— Gods! I grow Mad to think on't.

Iphig. My Lord, let not your Passion thus transport you.

Achil. Just Heaven! What had become of all my Hopes,
Had not my coming forestall'd your Arrival?
The harmless Bride abandon'd to their Fury,
Had vainly sought her absent Love, and met
A Butcher Priest: Still charging on my Name
The bloody, barbarous Cheat. Such Treachery
I will expostulate before all *Greece*
Madam, your Honour is concern'd in mine.
And therefore you'll approve my just Revenge
The cruel Man shall know *Achilles*'s Wrongs
Ne're went unpunish'd———.

Iphig. My Lord, if ever you did truly Love me,
Let now my Prayers and Tears disarm your Anger.
Consider that Barbarian whom you dare,
That cruel, bloody, treacherous Enemy,
Is still my Father——.

Achil.

Achil. Your Father, Madam? No——His black Deſign
Leaves him no other than a Murtherer's Name.
Iphig. My Lord, I ſtill repeat it, He's my Father:
A Father whom I love, whom I revere;
A Father who till now has cheriſh'd me,
With all Indulgence and Paternal Care.
My Heart brought up e'en from my Infancy,
To dutiful Reſpect, is ſad when he's offended.
'Tis not our Nuptial tie can make me loſe,
My Duty, and allow your furious Paſſion.
Yet, ſee, my Lord, how very much I love you,
Since I could bear to hear th' outragious injury,
You offerr'd to his Name. But how can you
Think him ſo barbarous that unconcern'd
He'd ſee his Daughter bleed, if any way
He could prevent the cruel Sacrifice.
Believe me, Sir, I ſaw him ſigh and weep.
Do not condemn him till you hear him ſpeak.
Muſt his Heart, fill'd with Horrors, ſtill encounter
Your raging Hatred? ———
Achil. Is't poſſible, Madam!
Amidſt your Danger is this all you fear?
A wild *Barbarian* (for this Name befits him)
Betrays you to the Prieſt like a tame Victim,
And when my Tenderneſs would ſtop his Fury,
You ſeem concern'd to trouble his Repoſe;
I'm ſilenc'd, he's excus'd, he is lamented;
For him you tremble, and 'tis me you fear.
Has then *Achilles* ſued and ſigh'd in vain?
Is this the Progreſs of my conſtant Love?
Iphig. Oh! Cruel Man! How can you doubt that Love,
Of which I gave you ſuch convincing Proofs?
You ſaw how with dry Eyes, and undiſturb'd,
I heard the bloody Meſſenger of Death;
But, all ye Powers of Love! How deep was my Deſpair,
When at our firſt Arrival the falſe News,
Of your inconſtancy came to my Ears?
My juſt concern made me accuſe the God's,
Reproach your Falſhood, and curſe all Mankind.
Then, then you might have ſeen, how much I value
Your Love before my Life———Alas! I thought
My generous Flames had rais'd me o're all Mortals.
Perhaps the envious God's have been provok'd,
By the Exceſs of my Felicity.

Achil. My *Iphigenia*,
As I am dear to you, be tender of your Life.

Enter Clytemnestra, Ægina.

Clyt. We are undone, my Lord, unless you save us:
My Cruel Husband still avoids my sight,
And keeps me from the Altar; 'twas in vain
I strove to break my Passage through his Guards.
He justly fears a Mothers loud complaints.
Achil. Then, Madam, it becomes me
To act your Part: He shall hear me and hear me. [*Going.*
Iphig. Alas! Madam! ——My Lord, where will you go? [*Stops him.*
Achil. What will your unjust Prayers expect from me?
Must we oppose you first?
Clyt. Daughter, what do you mean?
Iphig. Mamma, by all the Gods!
Let's stop a furious Lover, and prevent
A dangerous meeting: My Lord, I beg you, stay:
Too much of Gall would raise your just Reproaches,
Lovers are passionate; my Father's jealous
Of his Authority: I know th' *Atrides*
Are fierce and haughty, let more gentle Tongues
Melt him to Pity; wondring at my stay
He'll soon be here to fetch me———
Then he shall see a Mother's Heart oppress
With throbbing Grief: He'll hear a Daughter's sighs;
Nay, I'll do more: Instructed by my Love,
I'll speak kind Things, and use endearing Arts
To rouze in him the Father; to prevent
Your Grief, your Fury; and to live for you.
Achil. Since 'tis your Will, I yield, and wish your Counsels
May yet recal his lost abandon'd Reason.
Use all your soft Persuasions to subdue
His stubborn, *barbarous* Heart; and as he tenders
His own Repose, let him take care of mine
In your dear safety———But I waste time
In trivolous Talk; 'tis Deeds that must reclaim him.
Madam, compose your Self in your Apartment: [*To Clytemnestra.*
In the mean time I'll see all things prepar'd,
For your Defence; and I engage my Faith,
Your Daughter's Life's secure, while I have breath;
The Gods and *Calchas* did her Death foretel,
But my Word is the surest Oracle. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The END of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Eriphile, Doris, *they sit on a green Bank near the Sea-Shore.*

A SONG Set by Mr. *PURCEL*, and Sung by Mrs. *ERWIN*.

I.

MORPHEUS, *thou gentle God of soft Repose,*
Th' unruly Tumults of my Mind compose;
Allay the Fury of my anxious Care,
Drive hence black Thoughts, and chase away Despair.
Here let indulgent Fancy sooth my Pain,
Here let me sleep, and never wake again.

II.

What's this I feel? What this within my Breast,
Strikes such alarms, and will not let me rest?
'Tis Jealousy, tormenting Jealousy!
The Bane of Love, tormenting Jealousy!

III.

I rage, I rave, I burn, my Soul's o' fire:
Tortur'd with wild despair, and fierce desire.
My Strephon's *loss, I cannot, will not bear;*
I'll be reveng'd, and more than Woman dare.
Death, only Death can now my Thoughts employ,
I must my Rival, or my self destroy.

DOR. Madam, what blind Fury
Can make you envy *Iphigenia's* Fate?
An hour, and she's no more——— And yet you fly
You never was more jealous of her Bliss.
Heavens! What do you mean? What wild Design?

Eriph. Yes, *Doris*, yes: My Heart perplex'd with Cares,
Beholds with envious Eyes my Rival's Fate.
How kind her Dangers. And how curst my Hopes!
Didst thou not see her Triumph? How *Achilles*
Was troubled and concern'd? I saw, I saw it;
And shunn'd the signs of her undoubted Bliss.
The valiant, proud, insulting, fierce *Achilles*,
Achilles dreadful to all humane kind;
Who never knew a Tear, but what he draws
From others Eyes: *Achilles*, who 'tis said,
Was suckled by a Lioness or a Tigress;
Achilles for her now begins to tremble,
Sighs and turns pale, and weeps, and yet thou pitiest
Here blest Condition; Death it self were pleasing,
If I could purchase fierce *Achilles*'s Tears. [*Weeps.*

Dor. Dear Madam, moderate your Sorrows:
Or if you weep, let *Iphigenia*
Bespeak your Tears; she was our kind Protectress,
And in an hour she dies.———

Eriph. No, *Doris*, she'll not die———
Dost thou believe *Achilles* wept in vain?
Thinkest thou his Love and Courage will ly buried
In shameful *Unconcern*? No, he'll prevent
All her impending Dangers: Thou shalt find
The angry God's pronounc'd this Oracle
To raise her Glory, aggravate my Woes,
And make her still the dearer to her Lover.

Dor. What Reasons, Madam, can breed this Suspicion?

Eriph. Dost thou not see
How all endeavour to prevent the Blow?
The fatal Sentence is still kept a Secret;
And tho' all things be ready at the Altar,
The Camp is unacquainted with the Victim.
Does not this silence speak a wavering Father?
What can he do? What Heart of flint or steel
Could e're resist th' Assaults he must encounter?
The Rage and Fury of an incens'd Wife;
A Daughter's Sighs and Tears; the deep Despair
Of a whole Family; fond Nature's struggles;
Achilles's threatning Love. No, 'tis in vain
The God's pronounc'd her Doom, for she shall live.
I, I alone must be unfortunate.
Oh! If I dared ———

Dor.

Dor. Madam, what do you mean?
Eriph. Why don't I follow
The angry Dictates of my jealous Mind?
And publish to the Camp the fatal Sentence,
The Oracle pronounc'd, and how by impious Silence
They strive to make it void, and save the Victim
The God's demand———
Dor. Oh! What a wild Design!
Eriph. Oh! What excess of Joy!
What Altars would the *Trojans* raise to me,
If vindicating my Captivity,
I sow'd Dissension through the *Grecian* Camp,
And arm'd *Achilles* against *Agamemnon*!
If I could make them lay aside their Quarrel
'Gainst *Troy*, and turn their Arms 'against themselves!
If my malicious Whispers could destroy
The *Grecian* Army, and secure my Country!
Dor. Madam, I hear a noise———'Tis *Clytemnestra*:
Compose your self, or else avoid her Presence.
Eriph, Let's in: And to prevent this hated Marriage,
I'll use all means———The Gods allow my Passion.
[*Exeunt* Eriphile, Doris.

Enter Clytemnestra, Ægina.

Clyt. Thou seest, *Ægina*, I must fly my Daughter:
So far she is from shedding any Tears,
Or trembling for her Life, that she excuses
Her cruel Father, and would have my Grief
Respect the Hand that strikes the cruel Blow.
Oh! Constancy! Oh! Reverence! Oh! Love!
Yet to reward all these, my Savage Husband
Complains of her Delay. I'll here expect him;
For, sure, he'll come t' expostulate with me
The reason of her stay. But he appears:
Be husht my Passion; let me try how far
He can dissemble his base Artifice.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Madam, what do you mean? How comes this Place
Don't offer *Iphigenia* to my sight?
I sent *Arcas* to demand her from you———
Where have you left her?———

What ſtays her? Is it you? will you not grant
My juſt Requeſt? And do you ſtill purſue
To follow to the Altar?
Clyt. My Lord, if ſhe muſt go,
My Daughter's ready: But does nothing ſtop you?
Agam. Me! Madam?
Clyt. But have you taken care of all?
Agam. Calchas is ready; th' Altar is prepar'd.
I have done all my Duty bid me do.
Clyt. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Victim?
Agam. Madam?
What means this jealous care? [*Aſide.*

Enter Iphigenia.

Clyt. Come, Daughter, Come; they only wait for you:
Be thankful to a kind, a loving Father,
Who will himſelf conduct you to the Altar. [*Weeps.*
Agam. What do I ſee! What means my Wive's diſcourſe?
Daughter, you weep, and look with downcaſt Eyes:
What's this Diſorder?
But both the Daughter and the Mother weep.
Oh! *Arcas*! I'm betray'd.———
Iphig. Father, be not alarm'd: You're not not betray'd:
Command and I'll obey; my Life is Yours,
You may retake it without Artifice.
With that contented and ſubmiſſive Heart,
With which I did accept a promis'd Husband,
If I muſt needs ſubmit to Heaven's Decree,
I'll prove an innocent Victim, and reſpect
The Blow you order; with all due obedience
I'll ſpill that Blood, I have receiv'd from you.
Agam. Oh! dutiful Reſpect! Oh! wondrous Love!
Iphig. Yet, if this Reverence, this humble Love
Seem to deſerve a better Recompenſe;
If you can pity a fond Mother's Grief,
My Lord, I dare to ſay, that as I am
Surrounded with bright Honour, I could wiſh
A milder Fate, and that the bounteous God's
Would not cut off my Life ſo near its Spring.
'Tis I firſt call'd you by the Name of Father;
——That ſoft, endearing Name———
'Tis for that Name ſo oft you thank'd the God's,
'Tis I made your Delight; with me you learnt
To call off Majeſty, and not diſdain

——With

——With fond Careſſes to aſſume the Father.
Alas! With how much eagerneſs and Joy,
I lov'd to hear the Names of all thoſe Countries
You went to Conquer? My preſaging Hopes
Began t' anticipate the wiſh'd-for News
Of *Troy's* Deſtruction, and prepar'd a Feaſt
To grace your Triumph. Little did I think,
That to obtain your Victory, my Blood
Muſt firſt be ſpill'd by you.——

Agam. Oh! She'll un-man me with her tender Words?

Iphig. Not that the horror of the threatning Blow
Makes me remind You of your former Kindneſs.
Fear not: My Heart ſtill careful of your Fame,
Shall ne're expoſe my Father to a Bluſh.
And had my Life alone been my Concern,
My grateful Thoughts had been conceal'd for ever
Within my dutious Breaſt. But, Sir, you know
That on my wretched Fate a tender Mother,
And a fond Lover fix'd their Happineſs.
A King whoſe worth you own, look'd on this Day
To light the Torch of our illuſtrious Hymen;
Sure of a Heart, you gave me leave to promiſe,
To his undoubted Love, he thought himſelf
The happieſt of Mankind: —— But ſince he knows
Your fatal purpoſe, judge of his Alarms.
You ſee my Mother's woe, pardon, dear Father,
My weak endeavours to prevent their Tears. [*Weeps.*

Agam. Daughter, 'tis but too true: The angry God's
Demand a Victim, for what Crime, I know not:
But you are nam'd. A cruel Oracle
Commands that you ſhall bleed.——
To ſave your precious Life from the black Doom,
My Love prevented your endearing Prayers.
I wave to tell you how long I withſtood:
Believe that Love which you juſt now atteſted.
This very Night I did recal the Order,
Which they before had wreſted from my Hand.
I ſacrific'd to you the cauſe of *Greece*,
My Ambition, my Safety, nay, my Honour.
Arcas was ſent to keep you from the Camp,
But the Gods would not ſuffer he ſhould meet you;
They baffled my Efforts. Oh! Wretched Father,
Who vainly Strove to guard, what they purſue!
Truſt not to my unſettled feeble Power:

What Curb could hold a furious Multitude
Freed from th' uneasy yoke of my Command,
By holy Zeal, and superstitious Fear?
Daughter, your hour is come, and you must yield.
But, even in Death, regard your high Degree;
And mind a Counsel which I scarce can follow:
Since the sad Blow that strikes your Heart shall sink
Deeper in mine; yet, let your Constancy,
Approve your Birth, and make the God's asham'd
Of their black Sentence. Go—Let all the *Grecians*
Know by your Courage, 'tis my Blood they spill.

Clyt. No: Do you not bely your fatal Race:
'Tis plain you spring from *Atreus* and *Thyestes*.
Butcher to your own Daughter, to compleat
Your natural Cruelty, you only want
To entertain me with the gastly Feast
Of all her slaughter'd Limbs. Oh! Barbarian!
Is this th' auspicious Sacrifice your care
Prepar'd with so much Art and Secrecy?
How could your Hand subscribe the black Decree,
And not be stopt by th' horror of the Deed?

Agam. Oh! Wretched Father! [*Weeps.*

Clyt. Force not before us a dissembling Woe;
Nor think your Tears can prove your Tenderness.
What Fights are those you fought in her Defence?
What Floods of Blood were spill'd to save her Life?
Where's the wild Havock that speaks your Resistance?
What Heaps of Slain can silence my Complaints?
These Savage Man, these are the Witnesses,
By which your Love should shew your just Concern,
For *Iphigenia's* Life.

Agam. Madam, the God's must be obey'd:
A fatal Oracle pronounc'd her Doom.

Clyt. Have not all Oracles a dubious meaning?
Are the just God's so pleas'd with murderous Deeds
That innocence must bleed? If *Helen's* Crime
Must be aton'd for in her Family,
Let then *Hermione* be fetch'd from *Sparta*,
She's her own Daughter: Let fond *Menelaus*
With his own Blood redeem his guilty Wife.
But what blind Fury leads you to the Altar,
To expiate her Crime, and be his Victim?
Why must I rend and tear a Mother's Breast,
And pay his Fondness with my dearest Blood?

Nay,

Nay, is this Author of ſo many Jars,
This great Diſturber of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*,
A worthy Prize to crown your warlike Toils?
How often have we bluſh'd at her Diſgrace?
Before your Brother by a fatal Tie
Made her his Conſort, had not *Theſeus* dared
To ſteal her from her Father? Does not *Calchas*
Aſſure us that from their clandeſtine Match
A Princeſs ſprung, who ſtill is left unknown?
Agam. Oh! Cruel Honour!
Unfortunate Alliance!
Clyt. But, no: A Brother's Love, his injur'd Honour,
Are the leaſt Cares that trouble your Repoſe.
Your Thirſt of Empire, nothing can allay;
Your haughty Pride of having twenty Kings
Attend and fear You: The ſupreme Command
Lodg'd in your Perſon, theſe, Oh! Wild Barbarian,
Theſe are the Gods to whom you Sacrifice;
And careleſs of the Blow, your Unconcern
Courts the Applauſe of the affrighted *Greeks*.
Too jealous of your fatal envied Power,
You're glad to purchaſe it with your own Blood:
And by ſo dear a Price deterr the Boldneſs
Of your Competitors.——Is this to be a Father?
Oh! I grow mad——This cruel Treachery
Hurries my Senſes into wild Diſtraction.
A Prieſt, ſurrounded by a barbarous Crowd,
Shall lay his Murdering hand upon my Daughter;
Shall Tear her Boſom, and with cruel Eyes
Conſult her panting Breaſt———
Whileſt I who brought her to the Camp in Triumph,
Muſt return home, diſconſolate and attended
With black Deſpair: I muſt behold the Way
Still fragrant with the Flowers ſtrew'd on her Paſſage
No, no: It ſhan't be ſaid I brought her here,
To be thus butcher'd, if with the ſame Blow
You offer not a double Sacrifice.
No Tears, No Duty ſhall e're part me from her,
Unleſs you tear her from my Slaughter'd hands.
Barbarous Husband, no leſs barbarous Father,
Come, if you dare, and wreſt her from her Mother
Daughter, go in: At leaſt this time for all
I'll be obey'd———

[*Exeunt* Clytemneſtra, Iphigenia, Ægina

Agamemnon *Solus.*

These are the furious Clamours I expected:
These are the loud Complaints I fear'd to hear.
Yet, if my wavering and distracted Mind,
Fear'd nothing but their Cries, I'd not regard them.
Alas! Why did the Gods impose upon me
So rigid a Command, yet, leave me still
A Father's Heart?

Enter Achilles.

Achil. My Lord, a strange Report has reach'd my Ears:
For both our Sakes I wish it may be false,
'Tis said, and with just horror I repeat it,
That *Iphigenia* by your Command
Expires this day; That having silenc'd Nature,
And all the Dictates of Humanity,
With your own hand you give her to the Priest;
That 'tis my Name that brings her to the Altar;
That you suppos'd
These Nuptials to amuse us; and to make me
The shameful Instrument of this black Murder.
What say you to't, My Lord? What must I think on't?

Agam. My Lord,
I never give account of what I do:
My Daughter's unacquainted with my Will;
But when I think it proper to inform her,
You then may learn her Fate: I'll give the Camp
My Sovereign Orders.———

Achil. Too well I know what cruel Fate attends her.

Agam. Then why d'ye ask?

Achil. Why I do ask? Ye Gods! Is't possible,
That he can dare t'avow so black a Deed?
Think you I will approve your wild Design?
Think you my plighted Faith, my Love, my Honour,
Will e're consent to let your Daughter bleed?

Agam. But you, who dare to speak with threatning Voice,
Have you forgot who 'tis you ask such Questions?

Achil. And have you, Sir,
Forgot who 'tis I Love? Whom you affront?

Agam. Who bids you be concern'd about my Family?
Mayn't I dispose of *Iphigenia*
Unless you be consenting? Am I not
Her Father still? Is She your Wife? Mayn't she———

Achil.

Achil. No——she's yours no more——

I'm not to be amus'd with frivolous Hopes:
You swore she should be mine; and therefore, Sir,
As long as I have blood within my Veins,
I will maintain those Rights your Promise gave.
But, Sir, was't not for me she came to *Aulis*?

Agam. Expostulate with the Gods, 'tis they demand her.
Accuse the Priest, *Ulysses*, *Menelaus*:
Accuse the Camp; nay, first accuse your Self.

Achil. Me!

Agam. Yes, you: Who greedy of the *Eastern* Conquest,
Quarrel each day with *Neptune* and the Winds.
You who offended at my just Alarms,
Have spread your eager Fury through the Camp.
My tender Heart had found a way to save her:
But *Troy* is all you wish, all you demand.
I stopt the Race which you desir'd to run;
Her Death will set it open; Go——depart.

Achil. Hell-Furies! Can I hear and bear all this?
Is't thus you aggravate your Perjury
With base Affronts? What! Did I e're desire
T'obtain a Wind with *Iphigenia's* Blood?
What great Concern makes me repair to *Troy*?
For whom do I neglect my Parent Goddess,
And my disconsolate Father's fond Advice?
Why do I court that Death the Oracle
Foretold their Son? What Wrongs are those I suffer'd?
Was e're a *Trojan* Fleet so bold to dare
Make a Descent on my *Thessalian* Shore?
Did e're a Ravisher come to *Larissa*,
To steal away my Sister or my Wife?
What loss have I sustain'd? Is't not for you,
Barbarian as you are, I fly to *Troy*?
For you, whom I invested with Command
O're all the *Grecian* Princes and my self.
For you, whom I reveng'd in flaming *Lesbos*,
Before your gather'd Forces met in *Aulis*.
But what prevailing Motive call'd us hither?
Was it not to reflore a ravish'd Wife
To *Menelaus*? Then who can think I will
Be wanting to my self, and tamely yield
The Bride I Love. 'Tis true your Brother suffer'd
A base Affront; but then has he alone
A Right to 'venge his Wrongs? I too will vindicate

My injured honour———I love your Daughter:
She only has my Vows: To her I promis'd
My Ships, my Soldiers, nothing to your Brother.
Let him purſue his Wife, and ſeek a Triumph
The Gods have promis'd to my Blood alone.
What's *Helen*, *Paris*, *Priamus* to me?
I only ask my *Iphigenia*.
She, ſhe's the Prize for which I'll quit this Shore,
And fly to *Troy*.

Agam. Then, fly from hence: Return to *Theſſaly*
I diſingage you from your ſolemn Vows.
Others will come ſubmiſſive to my Power,
To reap thoſe Laurels, which to you were promis'd.
And forcing Deſtiny by glorious Deeds,
Will gladly meet their Death before the Walls
Of ruin'd *Troy*. I ſee through your Contempt,
How dear I bought your haughty, proud Aſſiſtance.
By your inſulting Speech it ſeems you are
The Arbiter of *Greece*, and that I bear
An empty Title. To your boaſt'd Valour
All muſt ſubmit: All follow your Command.
A kindneſs when reproach'd becomes a Wrong:
I ask leſs Valour, but more Obedience.
Away———I cancel all our former Ties,
Regardleſs of your Friendſhip, or your Hatred.

Achil. Thank that one Tie that holds my boiling Paſſion:
I ſtill reſpect my *Iphigenia's* Father.
But were not for that Name, perhaps the Chief
Of Twenty Kings had dar'd me once for all.
One Word and I have done: But mark me well.
Your Daughter and my Honour ly at ſtake:
I will defend them both; And if you'd reach
The Heart you aim to ſtrike, This is the way [*Points to his Breaſt.*
Through which your Blow muſt paſs.

[*Exit* Achilles

Agam. And this ſhall make her Sentence paſt recal:
My Daughter was more dreadful by her Self.
Thy haughty Love, that thinks to make me tremble,
Anticipates the Blow, thou meanſt to ward.
No more Debates———
It is reſolv'd I'll dare his Inſolence:
My injur'd Honour ſummons all my Reaſon,
And his proud Threats determine the Conteſt,
'Twixt Nature and the Gods; for now my Pity
Would look like Fear———Guards———

Enter

Enter Eurybates, Guards.

Eurybates. My Lord.
Agam. What am I doing!
How can I give the bloody, raſh Command?
Barbarous Man!
What Fight doeſt thou Prepare? What hated Foe,
Art thou expoſing to their Violence?
A Mother waits me: An undaunted Mother,
Who will defend her 'gainſt a murdering Father.
I ſhall behold my Men leſs cruel than my ſelf,
Reſpect my Daughter guarded by their Queen.
'Tis true *Achilles* threatens and contemns me:
But ſtill my Daughter's conſtant to her Duty;
She neither flies the Altar, nor declines
With murmuring Diſcontent the Blow I give.
What means my horrid, ſacrilegious Zeal?
What Vows can I addreſs for ſuch a Victim?
A glorious Harveſt waits me: But what Laurels
Can pleaſe, when ſtain'd by *Iphigenia's* Blood?
I will appeaſe the angry Gods: But, oh!
What Gods, can be more cruel to me, than I am to my Self?
No: 'twill not be. I yield to Love, to Nature:
I'll not bluſh at my Pity, ſhe ſhall live.
But what! Am I
Regardleſs of my Fame? Muſt proud *Achilles*
Carry the Day, and think I fear'd his Threats?
What frivolous care diſturbs my anxious Mind!
He loves my Daughter:
She'll make another bleſt.——*Eurybates*
Call hither *Clytemneſtra* and the Princeſs:
Tell them they need not fear.—— ——

[*Exit* Eurybates.

Almighty Powers!
If your immortal Hatred perſeveres
To wreſt her from my Hands, what can weak Mortals do,
I know my Love deſtroys what I would ſave:
Yet ſuch a Victim does at leaſt deſerve
A confirmation of your rigorous Laws,
And that you ſhould demand it once again.

Enter

Enter Clytemneſtra, Iphigenia, Eriphile, Ægina, Doris, Eurybates.

Madam, you and your Daughter may depart:
Her Fate's be your Care. Haſte from this Place
Where cruelty bears ſway. My Guards, commanded
By *Arcas*, ſhall attend you; I excuſe
His happy Raſhneſs: Secrecy and Speed
Are now requir'd: Both *Calchas* and *Ulyſſes*
Have hitherto been ſilent; and therefore
Take heed they're not acquainted with your Flight.
Diſguiſe your Daughter, that the Camp may think
I keep her here, and ſend you back alone.
Go, Fly———
And may the Gods contented with my Tears, [*Weep.*
Spare me the ſight of *Iphigenia*
For a long time.———Guards, attend the Queen.
Clyt. Oh! Husband! } [*Weep.*
Iphig. Oh! Father! }
Agam. Once more, avoid th' impatient, barbarous Prieſt:
Be gone, fly hence——To favour your Eſcape
I'll find ſome Reaſons to make him ſuſpend,
The fatal Sacrifice till the next day.

[*Exeunt all but* Eriphile, Doris.

Eriph. Doris, this Way.
Dor. Madam, don't you follow?
Eriph. Oh! I yield at laſt.
I feel the Power of Jealouſy and Love:
Achilles's Tenderneſs fills me with Rage.
It is reſolved, I'll be reveng'd or fall,
Come, to the Prieſt I will diſcover all.

[*Exeunt* Eriphile, Doris.

The E N D *of the Fourth* A C T.

A C T

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Iphigenia, Ægina *holding her.*

Iphig. Ægina, ceaſe to ſtop me: Go, return
To my abandon'd Mother: Th' angry Gods
Muſt be appeas'd; ſee how they are provok'd
By our Efforts to rob them of their Victim.
Behold what Storm is gathering thick around us;
Conſider to what State the Queen's reduc'd;
See how the furious Camp prevents our Flight;
How with bold Inſolence their pointed Spears
Stop up our Paſſage———
Ægin. Dear Madam, ſtay:
Don't run to certain Ruin.
Iphig. All hopes are vaniſh'd:
Our Guards repuls'd: My Mother in a Swoon:
Oh! Why ſhould I expoſe her any more?
Or wait her feeble help in vain? No, rather
Let me fly from her, whileſt her troubled Senſes
Will ſuffer me to meet my cruel Fate.
See, ſee how all conſpires for my undoing,
For even my Father when he bids me Live,
Commands my Death.———
Ægin. He, Madam? How!
Iphig. Achilles, I ſuppoſe, offended him,
Too eager to defend his injur'd Love.
Yet, as he hates him, I muſt hate him too.
My Heart muſt offer up this Sacrifice,
This horrid, cruel, Sacrifice of Love.
Arcas declar'd to me my Father's Will:
He orders I ſhall never ſpeak to him.
Ægin. Oh! Cruel Father!
Iphig. Oh! Fatal Doom! Oh! Rigorous Decree!
The milder Gods demanded but my Life;
Then let's obey: Let's die:——What do I ſee?
Heaven! 'Tis *Achilles.*

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Come, Madam, follow me: Fear not the Tumult
Of that weak crowd that preſſes round this Tent.
Do but appear: You'll ſee this Multitude
Ne're dare to ſtand the fierceneſs of my Blow,
But open of themſelves to let you Paſs.
My Friend *Patrocles*, with ſome other Captains
That follow my Command, fly to your Succour
With all the Choice of my *Theſſalian* Troops.
The reſt aſſembled near my Tent will offer
Th' impenetrable Bulwark of their Ranks.
Behind this ſhelter you may bid defiance
To all your Perſecutors: Let who dares
Approach *Achilles*'s Tent. But, Madam, is't thus
You ſecond my Efforts? And anſwer me
Only with Tears? You try'd their feeble Succour
Before your Father, yet 'twas all in vain.

Iphig. My Lord, too well I know it, and therefore
I have no hopes but from my certain Death.

Achil. Oh! Name not Death: Conſider by what Tie
You're join'd to me: Conſider all my Bliſs
Depends on you.———

Iphig. No, No: The Gods did ne're intend
To fix your Bliſs on my unhappy Days.
Our Love deceiv'd us: 'Tis by Heaven decreed
My ſpeedy Death ſhall cauſe your Happineſs.
My Lord, conſider what a Crop of Glory
Victory preſents to crown your warlike Toils.
Yet all thoſe Fields of Honour will prove barren,
Unleſs beſprinkled with my fatal Blood.
In vain my Father ſtrove t'evade the Sentence
That *Calchas* had pronounc'd: Th' immortal Gods
Loudly declare their Will by the whole Camp
Combin'd for my undoing.———

Achil. Madam,
Achilles will encounter the whole Camp,
And ſilence their loud Threats.

Iphig. My Lord,
Let not my Life deprive you of your Honours;
Make good the Oracle. Go, Signalize
That famous Heroe promis'd to our Country,
And wreak your Grief upon its cruel Foes.

Now

Now *Priamus* turns Pale: Now *Troy* alarm'd
Does fear my funeral Pile, and dreads your Tears.
Lay waſte the hated City: Leave my Death
To be lamented by the *Trojan* Widows.
I die contented with theſe pleaſing Hopes,
That if my cruel Stars do not permit,
I ſhould live happy with my dear *Achilles*,
Yet After-Ages will record my Name
With your immortal Deeds, and that my Death,
The Spring of your fam'd Actions, will begin
The wondrous Story.———
Farewel, my Prince: Bleſt Off ſpring of the Gods
Farewel.———

Achil. No, no: You ſhall not take your fatal leave:
In vain your cruel and perſwading Arts,
Slily endeavour to deceive my Love,
And ſerve your barbarous, inhumane Father;
In vain you're obſtinate to your undoing,
And ſtrive to make my Honour an Accomplice;
That Crop of glorious Laurels, that Renown,
I find them all in ſaving what I Love.
Who, for the future, would court my Aſſiſtance,
If I could not ſecure my promis'd Bride?
My Love, my Honour, both bid you ſhould live.
Madam, obey their Call, and follow me.

Iphig. What! Sir, rebel againſt my Father!
And ſo deſerve that Death you bid me ſhun!
What muſt become of my Reſpect, my Duty?

Achil. Diſcharge them both in following a Husband,
Your Father has approv'd. In vain he ſtrives
To rob me of that Title; I'll ne're ſuffer
The Violation of his ſolemn Promiſe.
Madam, your Self, whom rigid Duty aws,
Did not you own him as your Father, when
He gave You to me? Do you only follow
His ſovereign Will when ceaſing to be Father,
He Murders his own Daughter?
But, Madam, we waſte Time, and my juſt Fear—— [Offers to lead her away.

Iphig. What! My Lord, would you force me from my Duty
And hurried by your fierce and impious Paſſion
Compleat my cruel Woes? How can you be
Leſs tender of my Honour than my Life?
Alas! My Lord, ſpare *Iphigenia*:
Spare my Affliction. I have broke already
That rigorous Law I ought to reverence.

I'm guilty even to hear you speak: Let not
Your unjust Vict'ry go any further.
Life with this Hand I'll fall a Sacrifice,
To my wrong'd Duty, and so free my self
From your unkind and dangerous Assistance.
Achil. Well: I have done: Go, cruel Fair, Obey:
And [illegible] that Death you Court: Resign to *Calchas*
A [illegible] which I find more hate for me,
Than Duty to your Father. A just Fury
Sizes my Soul, and animates my Courage.
If the angry Gods are fond of Death and Murder,
Their Altars did ne'er reek with so much Blood
As I shall spill; My angry Love shall cancel
All Duty and Respect; the Priest shall first
Be sacrific'd, and satisfy the Gods.
The funeral Pile broke down with my own Hands.
Shall swim adrift amidst your Murderer's Gore.
And if in this wild Havock, your own Father
Should fall, you'll see th' effect of your rash Duty,
And know the fatal Blow your Honour Guides.——

[*Exit* Achilles *abruptly*.

Iphig. My Lord! My cruel Lord! But he flies from me! [*Goes to stop him.*
Just Heaven! By whose unchangeable Decree,
My Death is order'd, here whilest yet alone,
End both my Life and Fears: Let all your Bolts be spent
On *Iphigenia's* devoted Head.

Enter Clytemnestra, Areas, Eurybates, Guards.

Clyt. Yes: I'll defend her against all the Army:
Base Villains, you betray your hopeless Queen.
Arc. Madam, do but Command, you'll see us Fight
And die in your Defence. But yet Consider
How little you must hope from our weak Hands.
What can we do 'gainst all your numerous Foes?
'Tis not a giddy Crowd we must encounter,
But an embattled Camp, whose furious Zeal,
Supports the Priest with superstitious Boldness.
All's deaf to Pity: Tenderness is silenc'd:
[illegible] alone bears Rule and domineers.
'Tis rigid Piety demands the Victim.
The King himself, bereft of his Command,
Bids us give way and shun th' impetuous Torrent.
[illegible] invincible and fierce *Achilles*

Would

Would strive t' oppose the Storm with dauntless Courage;
Madam, what can he do? What Valour could dispel
That Multitude of Foes that will surround him.
Clyt. Then let them come and prove their impious Zeal
On forlorn me: Let their blind Fury take
The weak Remainder of my wretched Life.
Death, Death alone is able to unclasp
My grasping Hands from *Iphigenia.*
My Soul shall first be sever'd from my Body
Than I from my dear Daughter———

[*Lays hold on Iphigenia.*

Iphig. Oh! Madam! What cruel Star did rule
That inauspicious Day when you brought forth
Th' unhappy Object of your tender Love?
Alas! What can your weak Efforts perform,
Abandon'd as we are? You must encounter
Both Gods and Men confederate to undo me.
Meet not the Rage of a fierce Multitude:
Let not your Fondness lead you to the Camp,
Against a Husband's Orders, and alone
Strive not in vain to save me———
Don't aggravate my Woes with the sad View
Of a dear Mother basely dragg'd along
By a licentious Band of furious Soldiers.
Go——let the *Greeks* appease the angry Gods;
And leave for ever this detested Shore.
Fly from the sight of those devouring Flames,
Which would oppress your tender Heart with Grief
While they consume your Guiltless Daughter———
And, as you love me with Maternal Fondness,
I beg you ne're reproach my Father with my Death.
Clyt. What! Not reproach the wild Barbarian,
Who leads his Daughter to a Murdering Priest!
Iphig. Madam, Consider
All he has done to save me, and prevent
Your cruel Woe.
Clyt. Oh! By what Treachery
The barbarous Man deceiv'd me!
Iphig. Madam, He but resigns me to the Gods
That gave me to him: Yet Death takes not from you
The only off spring of your nuptial Joys.
Your mutual Loves have still another Pledge
In young *Orestes*: May he prove less fatal
To his dear Mother, than his wretched Sister.

Madam,
You hear the Voice of an impatient People. [*Shoutings within.*
Summon your Conſtancy; Pray, let me go———
Now take my laſt Farewel——— [Clytemneſtra *faints.*
Arcas, Lead to the Altar.
[*Exeunt* Iphigenia, Arcas.
Clyt. Where? Where's my Daughter? [*Recovering.*
No, no, you ſhall not go alone——— ———
But I am ſtopt——— [*Guards ſtop her Paſſage.*
Villains, treacherous Villains let me go
Or ſatisfy your Thirſt of Blood in me.
Aegiſt. Madam, what would you do? Where would [*Holding her.*
You run?
Clyt. Alas! My Spirits waſte in fruitleſs ſtruggles:
I ſhall relapſe into that faint diſorder,
Which I had ſcarce recover'd——Muſt I live
Only to die a thouſand Deaths!
Aegiſt. Curſt be that treacherous, inhumane Serpent
Your Daughter cheriſh'd in her friendly Boſom.
Curſt be *Eriphile*, whoſe jealous Fury
Reveal'd our Flight to *Calchas* and the Camp.
Clyt. Oh! Monſter, whom *Tiſiphone* brought forth!
Monſter, whom Hell convey'd into our Boſoms!
Monſter of Envy, Jealouſie and Rage!
What! Shalt thou live! Muſt thy black Treachery
Remain unpuniſh'd! But why ſhould my Grief
Demand ſo poor a Victim?
Shall then juſt *Neptune* ſee his Banks diſtain'd
With innocent Blood, and not devour the *Grecians*
In the dark Bottom of the watry Deep?
Shall then the Winds, whom they ſo long accus'd,
Be Partners in their Crime, and not deſtroy
Their guilty Fleet?
And Thou, immortal Sun, who on this Shore
Beheld'ſt the Son and Heir of bloody *Atreus*:
Thou, who diſdain'd to light the barbarous Feaſt
Of his inhumane Father, now withdraw
Thy Beams, and ſhine not on this impious Deed.
But now, Oh! Heaven! Oh! Earth! Oh! Wretched Mother!
With fatal Garlands *Iphigenia* crown'd,
Like a tame Victim, waits the cruel Knife
Her Father has prepar'd; the murderous Prieſt
Is juſt ready to ſtrike———Hold, Butchers, hold:

The

The Blood you ſpill derives from mighty Jove——
Hold——Hold. [*Runs off with her Maids.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

While a Symphony is playing an Altar is rais'd near the Sea Shore.

Enter King Agamemnon *weeping*; Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Arcas, *&c.*
Calchas *the High Prieſt*; Iphigenia *between two Prieſts*; Eriphile, Doris.

A CHORUS *of PRIESTS.*

The INVOCATION to *DIANA.*

I.

O *H!* Diana! *Whoſe dread Eyes*
Delight in humane Sacrifice:
Oh! Diana! *Ceaſe to frown*
And with gentle Smiles look down,
While with flowry Wreaths we thus fair Victim crown.
Chorus. *Crown, Crown, the Victim Crown*
That bleeds for bright Renown;
And on her Virgin head
The pure Libation ſhed,
While theſe to chaſte Diana *holy meaſures tread.*

II.

Guardian of each Hill and Grove,
And Queen of the great Gods above,
Fill, oh! Fill with proſperous Gales
Our ſpreading Sails;
And to the Phrygian *Coaſt*
Convey the Grecian *Hoſt;*
That with avenging Arms they may deſtroy,
Th' adulterous Gueſt, with his perfidious Boy.
Chorus. *That with avenging Arms, &c. &c.*

III.

The Royal Victim our atonement makes,
For hark! The ſlumbring Winds awakes;

See

See, see the Fleet now big with War,
Flys swiftly to the Trojan *Shoar.*
Hark! Hark! Now the glorious Din's begun,
Now, now the Drums rattle,
And all around,
The loud Trumpets resound,
And Clang'lors rebound,
Oh! The wild Furies of Battle!
Last Chorus. *The Victory's won,*
They run, they run, they run:
Io! Io! Victoria! They all shout amain,
Victoria! Great Hector, *great* Hector *is slain*
Troy's *won: Her lofty Towers tumble all,*
See, see, how they fall,
Io! Io! Victoria! Victoria!

Last Chorus.

Now, now the Drums rattle, &c. &c.

As Iphigenia *is leading to be Sacrific'd the Sun is Eclips'd; Skrieks in the Air; Subterranean Groans and Howlings; Thunder.*

Calch. What mean these Horrors!
The Sun withdraws his beamy Light; the Air
Is fill'd with hideous Skrieks, and gloomy Hell
Sends up fierce Groans and Subterranean Cries.
Almighty *Jove* himself, with threatning Thunder,
Declares his Wrath; all Nature is in Pain.
Eriph. Oh! *Doris,* how I tremble.

[*Clashing of Swords within.*

Enter Achilles, Patroclus, *and Followers.*

Achil. Where! Where's my *Iphigenia!*
Hold, Murderers, hold!
Calch. My Lord, contain your Passion: I bid you, hold.
The Gods themselves are angry——They must first be heard.

[*Thunder.*

Calchas *goes behind the Altar to consult the Oracle and then returns with a wild, staring Look, trembling Hands,* &c.

I'll speak, I'll speak: Let all the Camp be silent:
Achilles be attentive ———
The Goddess we adore unfolds the Oracle,
And speaks her Will by my prophetick Tongue.

Another

Another Princeſs of the Blood of *Helen*,
Another *Iphigenia* muſt fall a Victim.
From *Helen* raviſh'd by bold *Theſeus*
A Princeſs ſprung call'd *Iphigenia*,
Who ſtill remains unknown.
I ſaw, I ſaw my ſelf th' unhappy Fruits
Of their unlawful Love; and even then foretold
Her fatal Doom———
By Deſtiny's impulſe, and her own Furies,
She's come to *Aulis* with a borrow'd Name.
She ſees, ſhe hears me: There ſhe ſtands: 'Tis ſhe [*Points to* Eriphile.
The Gods demand.———

As Calchas *is going to lay hold on* Eriphile; *ſnatches the Knife.*

Eriph. Butcher, avaunt! Let not thy impious Hand
Prophane that Blood from which thou ſayſt I ſpring
Now, *Doris*, all my Fears are come to paſs: [*To* Doris.
Yet, tho' the angry Goddeſs bids me die,
I fall a Victim to a greater Power.
Almighty Love now ſtrikes the fatal Blow: [*Stabs her ſelf.*
Achilles, Dear——*Achilles*——— [*Dies.*
Iphig. Unhappy Maid!

Thunder and Lightning; The Altar is lighted; The firſt Scene opens, and diſcovers a Heaven at a diſtance; Diana, *in a Machine, croſſes the Stage; the Prieſts worſhip as ſhe paſſes.*

Calch. Great Sir, the Gods are ſatisfied; [*Gives* Iphig. *to* Agamem.
And *Iphigenia* is yours again.
Agam. Muſt I believe my Eyes! Oh! Sir! Oh! Daughter! [*Embraces her.*
Achil. Oh! Infinite of Joy!
Arcas, fly to the Queen, [*To* Arcas.
Tell her the Princeſs lives. My Lord, I hope [*Exit* Arcas.
You will forget———. [*To* Agamemnon.
Agam. Yes: I forget all:
Nay, I forget my ſelf, I'm loſt in Joy.
The Gods are reconcil'd and ſo ſhall you and I. [*Embraces him.*
My Daughter ſhall be Yours: The Queen ſhall give her;
Thus I will recompenſe her cruel Woe,
Thus I'll atone for my Barbarity.

[*The Winds and Sea roar; Shoutings.*

Achil.

Achil. Oh! Tranſports of Delight! Oh! Rapturous Bliſs!
My Love is crown'd; The Winds begin to roar,
And fill our ſpreading Sails; to *Troy*, to *Troy*,
To Victory and Fame.——— ———

Caleb. Let After-Ages learn from this great Day,
To reverence the Gods's ſupreme Decrees:
For they are juſt, and ever recompenſe,
True Piety, and ſpotleſs Innocence.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 11. Line 1. *Defer* Read *deter.*

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